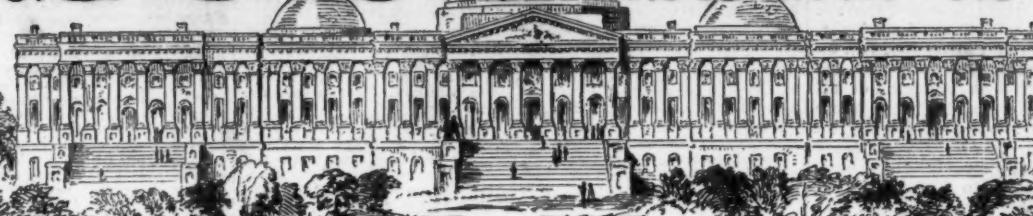


# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York. (Copyrighted December 6, 1858.)

No. 158—VOL VII.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1858.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.

## WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

The celebrated historian, whose portrait we engrave from a photograph recently taken in Boston, is a native of Pepperell, Mass., where he was born on the 4th of May, 1796. His father, William Prescott, was long distinguished as one of the foremost lawyers in New England, and was a son of the gallant officer who commanded the American troops at Bunker Hill. The family of Mr. Prescott was removed to Boston in 1808, when his youthful son became a student under the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, whose memory is still preserved in Boston as a profound and successful classical teacher. In his sixteenth year Mr. Prescott entered the Sophomore class at Harvard College, and graduated with honor in 1814. It was the intention of Mr. Prescott to follow his father in the legal profession, and the studies of his collegiate career had been mainly influenced by this aspiration, but an accident which occurred as he was on the point of leaving Harvard occasioned a total change in his hopes and plans. A blow accidentally inflicted by a fellow-student deprived him of the sight of one eye, and the other speedily became weakened by the double duty which it was thenceforward compelled to perform. Losing, in this manner, the use of the most indispensable of senses, Mr. Prescott was compelled to forego the unremitting application without which eminence in the law cannot be obtained, and found himself excluded from other professions by the same disability. Under these circumstances—prompted, doubtless, by that natural inclination which has, in the sequel, acquired so much fame for himself and for his country—Mr. Prescott, after two years' travel in Europe, and fruitless consultation of the most eminent oculists, determined to devote himself to investigation and study, with the intention of taking his place among the historical writers of the age. With this deliberate resolution before him, Mr. Prescott trained himself for the task as he would have trained himself for the profession of his earliest choice, and ten years were devoted to the mere preparatory studies—to the formation of a groundwork for future labors—during which period the literatures of

England, France, Italy and Spain were thoroughly reviewed. The deficiencies in Mr. Prescott's eyesight were partially made good by the industry and perspicacity of his secretary and reader, and by the year 1828 the persevering student felt that his accumulated stores of knowledge justified the selection of a definite subject for elaboration. The records of the golden age of the Spanish monarchy had long been Mr. Prescott's favorite study, and they presented the advantage, furthermore, of having re-

mained comparatively untouched. In the selection of a subject sufficiently important to merit the labor of the historian and the attention of the public, recent enough to be clothed with interest, yet not too modern to be treated in a trustworthy manner, comprehensive yet compact, and accessible without being familiar, it is not strange that the historian's eye should first have rested on that great epoch in the world's advance when Spain became a united nation, and her coming greatness was shadowed forth.

For another period of ten years the labors of Mr. Prescott were devoted to an investigation of the eventful reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in the course of which the archives of Europe were ransacked in his behalf. The completed history was published in 1838, when the author had reached his forty-second year. It appeared simultaneously in London and Boston. The success of "Ferdinand and Isabella" was never doubtful, and its excellence was attested by almost immediate translation into the three principal continental languages.

Scarcely had the last proof-sheets of his first work finally passed from his hands when Mr. Prescott's pen was again employed, and this time upon the "Conquest of Mexico." This work appeared in 1843, and was followed in 1847 by the "Conquest of Peru," both of which works were received with general applause.

This is scarcely the opportunity for a critical exposition of the genius of Mr. Prescott's works, or of the author's style; both, besides, are too well known to require allusion from ourselves; but we may dwell for a moment upon some of the elements in that success which has been so marked and so unvarying. Mr. Prescott, endowed by nature with that primary requisite in one who aims at excellence—a strong constitution—was also fitted out with powers of gigantic industry. The products of his intellect, moreover, show that his early inclination towards the law was not unaccompanied by those qualities which are usually considered concomitant to legal eminence. Great clearness of mental vision, a strong memory, capability of viewing a subject in all its breadth, calmness of judgment yet quickness of decision—all these attributes are apparently



WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHIPPLE, BOSTON.

component parts of the historian's mental constitution; and all of them must enter into the character of a successful advocate. Indeed, although in some respects the two professions demand qualifications differing widely in their kind, in others there is a striking analogy between the two. In either case a certain subject with definite limits, yet ramifying extensively within those bounds, is to be grasped in all its bearings—evidence is to be collected, weighed and analyzed—the true and material is to be recognized and separated from what is false or irrelevant, and a statement is to be prepared. In this statement, however, the task of the historian ceases to be identical with that of the jurist. "Historia," says Quintilian, "scribitur ad narrandum, non ad probandum"—it is not the historian's duty to labor for the inculcation of one set of ideas, to stamp with the mark of his favor one class of men or one side of a question, but to lay before the world a report of proceedings, the manner of which shall influence no judgment. The advocate, on the contrary, if not a partisan, is nothing; he is to manipulate his facts into their most favorable light, and to bring all his energies to the task of convincing, not of conveying information or instruction. Few historians—indeed, the number may be counted on the fingers—have been able to avoid transgression of the line which separates them from the province of the advocate; but brilliant, immortal as their productions may be, there can be no question that their value is greatly impaired by the presence of a controversial tone. Mr. Prescott is singularly exempt from this general failing; his works, indeed, are cited as models of impartiality; the theories he may entertain on any subject are never suffered to interfere with the even flow of his narrative, or the rigid veracity of his detail; nor is there in any of his works a favorite "hero" to be bolstered up at the expense of the surrounding and perhaps equally meritorious crowd. The calumniators expressed in the historian's features are duplicated in his judgment no less than in his style.

Few of the thousands who have been enlightened by the clear and unorthodox eloquence of Mr. Prescott can form a conception of the preliminary mental labor which was performed in silence. The steadiest worker, endowed with every usual faculty, might well be appalled at a consideration of the material existing, confused and unprinted, to be arranged and digested before a single line could be written. Thousands of voluminous documents in the royal archives of Spain—a most untouched since they were tied up and docketed three hundred years ago—must be examined and deciphered line by line; for the history of the periods successively approached by Mr. Prescott, though richer, perhaps, than any others, in documentary material, rested hitherto merely on the affirmation of half a dozen untrustworthy cotemporary chroniclers, or on the groping narratives of men who had been denied access to the storehouses now thrown open. Yet this labor was deliberately commenced and steadfastly persevered in by one who could not even avail himself directly of the privilege of examination, but depended on the eyesight of others and his own memory only for the new and precious knowledge. Under such circumstances three famous histories have been written, and a fourth commenced.

"The History of the Reign of Philip II."—that marvellous and portentous epoch in which the birth of a new era for Christendom and the world was confusedly involved with the death struggles of the old—has engaged Mr. Prescott's attention for the last eight or nine years, and two volumes of the *magnum opus* have already been placed before the public, while a third appears, we believe, during the present week. This volume comprises the picturesque and sanguinary scenes of the Morisco Rebellion, and the great struggle between the Ottoman power and the Holy League, which was decided at the battle of Lepanto; beside a view of the court, policy, and personal habits of El Prudente, thus making the volume, in one sense, complete in itself. Two, or perhaps three more volumes will complete this great history—the boldest and most comprehensive literary undertaking of which the United States can boast. In its preparation Mr. Prescott has been aided by his secretary, Mr. John Foster Kirk, to whose talents and devotion he pays a deserved tribute in the introduction to his history, and whose unusual acquirements must render his services of extreme value to the historian.

#### HUSH!

"I CAN scarcely hear," she murmured,  
"For my heart beats loud and fast,  
But surely, in the far, far distance  
I can hear a sound at last."  
It is only the reapers singing,  
As they carry home their sheaves;  
And the evening breeze had risen,  
And rustles the dying leaves."  
Listen! there are voices talking,  
Calmly still she strove to speak,  
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,  
And the red flushed in her cheek.  
It is only the children playing  
Below, now their work is done.  
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled  
By the rays of the setting sun."  
Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,  
As with anxious eyes she cried,  
Down the avenue of chestnuts  
I can hear a horsemans ride."  
It was only the deer that were feeding  
In a herd on the clover grass,  
They were startled, and fled to the thicket  
As they saw the reapers pass."  
Now the night arose in silence,  
Birds lay in their lonely nest,  
And the deer couched in the forest,  
And the children were at rest;  
There was only a sound of weeping  
From watchers around a bed,  
But rest to the weary spirit,  
Peace to the quiet dead!

#### DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

**Departure of General Paes.**—The gallant General having so far recovered from the injuries he received by the fall of his horse at the parade on Evacuation Day, sailed on Thursday, the 2d inst., for Venezuela. A large detachment of the city military formed an escort, and assembled in front of the Astor Place Hotel about noon. General Paes was brought down from his room and placed on a litter in a parlor on the ground floor, where he was waited on by Mayor Tiemann, General Sandford, and many other prominent individuals. The General was conveyed down Broadway in the litter, which was hung with Venezuelan, Bolivian and United States flags, and was carried by a detachment of the troops. A steamer laying at the foot of Amos street conveyed the General and his suite to the Atlanta, which sailed about three p.m. The General will land at Cumana, whence he sailed in 1860 on going into exile, and where he vowed to land if ever he returned to his country. The voyage will occupy some ten or twelve days.

**Decided Novelty.**—The Portland *Advertiser* speaks of a member of a church at Lock's Mills that ten days ago watched the remains of a departed friend, and during the night stole the dead man's coat, vest and hat, and wore them off. The wife of the deceased, a few nights after, dreamed that the man who sat up with the corpse had taken them, and that on being accused of the theft said he purchased the articles of another person. On Sunday, the coat and hat were worn to church, and the sacrament partaken of by the wearer, who proved to be the thief, after denying it and saying that he purchased them of others, being the individual who watched on the night they were stolen.

**A Calumny Answered.**—The story going the rounds that Senator Pearce, of Maryland, had won a large sum of money in a game of cards in Washington is a ridiculous falsehood. All who are intimate with Senator Pearce know that he does not play cards at all; and we assert upon authority that he never played at any game in any gambling house in his life, either at Washington or elsewhere. The staid habits of the Senator are too well known to the people of that State to require for them any explanation of such an absurd slander; and we make this notice simply to enable such journals as have given circulation to the slander to do themselves justice by its contradiction.

**California Theatricals.**—Among the artists of distinction who are

likely to visit California during the coming winter and spring is Madame Cora de Wilhors, the youthful and beautiful prima donna, whose first appearance at the Academy of Music, in New York, two years ago, created a sensation only paralleled by that of Malibran's debut in America. Mr. and Mrs. James Anderson will be here in March or April next. Mr. George Loder's new English Opera troupe from London, with Lucy Ercott and George Squires as principals, may be looked for in the course of two months. We also learn that the manager of the opera has made arrangements to obtain several additions to his dramatic company from the East. Young Devonport—commonly known as "Dolly"—a light comedian, ranking among the best; and Miss Josephine Maimers, so popular at Laura Keene's two years ago, are among the number of those under engagement to Mr. Maguire. The operatic and dramatic season in San Francisco certainly promises to be a very interesting one.

**An American Deadwoman.**—A Pittsburg paper announces, with commendable shuddering, that a beautiful girl, Miss Louise Story, of Ripon, married the other day a negro, black as the ace of spades or the father of evil. It was truly an affair of the heart, that is to say an elopement, and unknown to the girl's parents. The Brabant of the unfortunate family is furious, and swears that it is all through reading the *Tribune*.

**Death to Crinoline.**—An exchange says: "Two young ladies, the daughters of wealthy parents, in company with their governess, were proceeding along the Prince's Park, New Road, when a young man, said to be well connected, came up to them, and after a few impudent observations in reference to their crinoline, seized the ladies' petticoats, cut through their underclothes and a handsome netted crinoline, tearing the latter habilitate completely off. He then ran away, but was afterwards taken into custody, and lodged in Bridewell. It appears that the man labors under a monomania, or a sort of vindictive feeling against crinoline."

This man ought to be deprived of the society of crinoline for ever. How much better to do as Francois Ravel did the other day in Broadway: not able to pass on account of the ample dimensions of the two fair creatures who monopolized the path, he sprang over, and, turning a somersault before the lovely bales of dry goods, bowed as he does when he absquatulates with M. Delachalumeau's chops.

**Priestly Villainy.**—The Virginia papers are full of the Downey murder; it is a remarkable proof of how often men fall from the mere suppression of feelings. The priest Downey, who murdered a man at Staunton, Va., because he refused to marry a woman who had been seduced by Downey, has been convicted of murder in the first degree. The prisoner was permitted to take a walk to the Roman Catholic church a few days ago—or which he was formerly minister—accompanied by his attentive friends and jailor, for the purpose of getting a bag of coin, containing several hundred dollars, which he had secreted underneath the stone steps leading into the sanctuary.

**Filibustering.**—The filibuster chiefs show little judgment in their absurd appearance of persistence in their invasion of Nicaragua while the British and French fleets are there. One would really think they were playing into the hands of Napier and Sartiges. The New Orleans papers of the 20th inst. contain an advertisement which indicates that another Nicaraguan emigration movement is on foot in that city. Persons who are desirous of joining a company bound to Nicaragua are directed to apply within a certain time, though no directions are given as to whom application is to be made. Meanwhile the company of "emigrants" at Mobile are still detained, and it is believed that they will not be allowed to depart in any event.

**A Wicked Clemency.**—The pardoning power is so much abused that it ought to be taken out of the hands of the Governor and placed in that of the Judges. Governor King has just given a great encouragement to ravishers by pardoning a brutal emigrant runner named Jackson, who was sentenced a year ago to ten years' imprisonment for a most wicked and deliberate outrage upon a poor Irish girl, only just arrived here. The day after Governor King pardoned Jackson, a respectable seafarer was carried off in the midst of an open thoroughfare by four young ruffians, taken into a stable and there brutally outraged. So much for Governor King's justice. The New York Times very properly rebukes such wicked Kings. They are of the royal breed truly.

**The Slave Trade Sustained.**—In the case of the crew of the slave brig Putnam, or Echo, which was captured by the United States brig Dolphin and sent to Charleston, the grand jury at Columbia, S.C., reported that they had found no bill of indictment against the prisoners. A motion for their discharge from custody will be made, when the constitutionality of the law declaring the slave trade piracy, and other important questions bearing upon the subject, will be discussed by the South Carolina lawyers.

**A Disgraceful State of Affairs.**—The appropriation for the payment of the police for this year has been paid out, and the officers have been notified that they need expect no money from the city treasury until next February. This is not a very pleasant winter prospect for the policemen.

**Pugilistic Courtesy.**—Either the *Albion* or *Clipper*, some weeks since, made some remarks upon an editorial in which we condemned the brutality of the prizefighters. It stated that pugilism led to fair play. We command to the editor's attention the following extract from a letter written by Australian Kelly:

"There is another prize fight under way. Joe Coburn and Australian Kelly deposited each \$50 last week as the first instalment of \$250, to be fought for in Florida in four months from date of deposit. This is not to be a fighting 'for love' affair. Joe and Kelly had scarcely covered the \$50, when the former would have a 'rough and tumble' with the latter. Joe, not to be put off, went at it in a bar-room with all the ferocity of a bulldog, and with nothing less than its brutality. Kelly, refusing to permit his name to be used by Joe to draw to his exhibition, alludes to this bar-room 'tumble,' and presents to the public another phase of the pugilistic career, enough to sicken all the young bankers and clerks who have recently laid in a stock of boxing-gloves. Kelly says: 'I must certainly decline attending on this occasion. The cowardly and brutal attack made upon me last week by the ruffian Coburn and his equally respectable associate, Frank McNaughton, a policeman of the twenty-first precinct—Coburn biting my cheek and gouging my eye when down, and his companion kicking me on the head—*is*, I think, a sufficient reason for my not being present, especially as I never authorized him to use my name.'"

Morrison is about paying a visit to England. He will find himself at home there if he fights fair; but if he tries any gouging or kicking he will find himself in Newgate. While we are on this disgusting theme, we may as well add that Deck, of Ohio, has challenged Tom Hyer to a game of fistfights. Deck is an American by birth, has never fought but once, and then he came off with flying colors.

**The Burns Club.**—This well-known gathering, admirers of Scotland's great Bardie, hold their annual meeting, as we have already announced, on his birthday, 29th January. It will be commemorated by an oration delivered by a distinguished man, and afterwards by a banquet at the Astor House. The Doctor suggests that tickets ought to be sent to the editors of the leading papers.

**Strange Story.**—A man was found dead some short time since in a lodging-house. An inquest was held—the body remaining unclaimed. The following affidavit of the wife, who turns up when too late, will explain the rest: "Eliza Cary, of No. 29 Monroe street, being sworn, says that she was present at Bellevue Head-house on Thursday morning, the 18th day of November, 1858, and was there shown a dead body, which she recognized as the body of her husband, Thomas Cary, who departed this life on the morning of the 7th day of November, 1858, at No. 418 Pearl street. Deponent recognized the body by the left side of his face, his mouth and chin. Deponent further says that the flesh on the right side of the face was not the flesh of her husband; that it was the flesh of some other person, and had been sewn on. The brains were taken out and cotton substituted; the eyes, hair and whiskers were missing. And deponent further says that she recognized both of the arms up to the elbows as belonging to her husband, by marks of India ink; the left breast did not belong to her husband; the left side of the stomach did not belong to her husband. And deponent further says that the body was cut and disfigured, and portions of the flesh were missing and other flesh sewed on instead."

Two men were arrested who testified that they had taken the body to Dr. Finchell, of the Medical College, for the purpose of dissection.

**Sacrilegious Arrest.**—Three Jews—two of them occupying high places in the Synagogue, and known as the Rabbi Asch and the Rabbi Rosenthal—have been arrested in this city, on an accusation supported by the leading Rabbi of the Jews in this city, charging them with acting as agents of the Prussian, Hamburg and Saxony Lotteries. Sergeant Birney, with a portion of the Mayor's Squad, "descended" on the residence of the accused, Wednesday night, and arrested two of them. One Rabbi was seized in the Synagogue, in Allen street, where he was engaged in religious exercises, before a congregation of some three hundred or four hundred persons. The Jews were greatly excited, and denounced the incursion into their temple, and the audacity of the person who had accused their priest of wrongdoing. One of the accused was not arrested till yesterday morning, when all three were brought before the Mayor, and admitted to bail in \$1,000. This little girl of one of the Rabbi's told officer Birney, that the lottery tickets were hid under the altar—when, however, he went back to the Synagogue, they had either been moved or it had been a dodge of the Jews to get time to move them from the house Birney was searching. When Birney and Tiemann have finished their crusade against the lotteries, perhaps they will turn their attention to the hosts of poor little children begging in the streets, and the decoy ticket shops.

**The Glorious Twenty-fifth.**—Two notable events happened on this day. The first, one hundred years ago, thus epitomized in a contemporary. The centennial anniversary of the evacuation of Fort Duquesne by the French forces, and its occupation by the British, was celebrated yesterday at Pittsburgh with great spirit. A procession paraded the streets, consisting of the military of the city and neighborhood, representatives of the various trades, and the civic societies, firemen, &c. Addresses were delivered on the site of the old fort, by various prominent men. Business was entirely suspended. And the other twenty five years after, when the same Washington persuaded the British to retire from New York.

**Dinner of St. Andrew's Society.**—On the 30th ult. this praiseworthy institution had their annual dinner at the Metropolitan Hotel. About one hundred and fifty gentlemen of all nations sat down to a sumptuous repast. Mr. Adam Norris occupied the chair. The invited guests were not of particular importance, the most noticeable being Julian Verplanck and Mayor Tiemann, the latter of whom fired off his solitary joke of having burnt down the Crystal Palace and the City Hall to celebrate the Atlantic cable. He promised Queen Victoria a first-rate reception should she visit America. He also celebrated the virtues of a Scotchman named Pettigrew, which, however, consisted in his having offered to lend him some money to build up blasters when he was burnt out. Mayor Tiemann seems to be very unlucky in his "fire transactions." Mr. Archibald, the British Consul, acknowledged the Queen's health as in duty

bound. The venerable old Knickerbocker, Julian Verplanck, made an excellent speech, short and full of point. He is truly a New York evergreen.

**A Plaus "Going, Going, Goner."**—There was lately held an auction of the pews of the new Brick Church. The auctioneer, in his opening speech, which was a very good one, made the following queer remarks:

"It may seem to some a very easy and pleasant affair, but I can assure you it has cost a great deal of care and anxiety to accomplish it. We don't say we are deserving of any credit for this—we have only done our duty; but we hope we shall be fairly judged. One of the chief difficulties we met was the disposal of the pews, and it was a serious one. We have looked at it carefully, and I may say prayerfully, and we now lay the results before you."

We venture to say that Mr. Holden and Mr. Adrian Muller will henceforth always be employed whenever it is necessary to knock down a church to the sound of the hammer.

**The Tammany Troubles.**—Alexander Ming and John Kelly are at dagger's point against the pliant the Tammany candidate for Comptroller. In the eyes of a certain clique Mr. Purser labors under the disadvantage of being an Englishman, which is the worst species of heresy in their eyes. John Kelly, who is a Catholic, has been very much censured by such politicians as Mr. Ming for endorsing his nomination. Connery, or rather his friends lay the blame of his rejection upon Mr. Kelly, and there is no doubt had Connery and Kelly been willing, old Connery would have got the nomination. The injustice of this is evident, since the Governor and District Attorney, after all their abuse, came over to Connery's opinion. But the reward of official honesty is always political death, for it is very evident were our friend Connery to live a thousand years he would never get another nomination, not even for a pound-keeper.

**Naval Brutality.**—In our last we recorded the fact that four sailors are to take their trial for murdering their captain at sea. We copy from the *Tribune* the following account of an infamous outrage on the part of a captain. If the Government treat their sailors thus, what will become of us in a war with a great naval power? what sane man would fight under such a man as Captain Blair is represented to be. Let him appear and answer to this charge:

A naval officer has kindly permitted us to make the following extract from a letter, dated on board the Dale, Coast of Africa:

"Although I have seen several years' service in the navy, I never was so sick of a cruise as I am of this. We have been short-handed nearly all the time; have been visited by several kinds of fatal disease, and have had as many courts-martial on this little squadron as ought to suffice for our whole fleet abroad. Speaking of courts-martial, I cannot help lending my individual voice in condemnation of the cruel, unjust and prejudiced treatment of Dr. Sherman, our medical officer. An ordinary seaman, named Husted; committed a comparatively trivial crime, for which he was punished in the following manner: After having worked for some hours in exercising sails, and when the perspiration was rolling down his face, he was crammed into an oven-like cell, immediately behind the galley, measuring in height six feet eight inches, in width about eighteen inches, and this with the thermometer nearly up to ninety-five degrees in the shade. When, after six hours' incarceration, he had been almost baked alive, his piteous cries attracted the sympathy of a marine, who instantly hastened to call the surgeon. When the door was opened the poor wretch, looking more like a ghost than a man, fell forward on his face, and seemed in the last agony of death. Resuscitators were immediately procured, which after a considerable time, brought him to his senses. The above facts were embodied in a letter to the Commander-in-chief, by Dr. Sherman, which letter was, according to the requirements of the service in such cases, handed for transmission to Captain Blair of this ship, whose first motion on perusing it was to prefer charges for 'contemptuous treatment of his superior officers,' 'scandalous conduct' and 'neglect of duty.'"

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

The Europa brings news to the 20th ult. It is of little importance. Parliament has been prorogued to January, but it is understood it will not assemble till early in February. The tone of the English press has lately been so hostile to the Emperor, that most of the leading journals had to be suppressed in the post office. The British press expose with much scorn and bitterness that Montalembert is being prosecuted for praising the institutions of England, continual attacks upon that nation are being published in Paris with Louis Napoleon's approbation, if not at his instigation.

In France the prosecution of Montalembert is the sole topic of conversation, some considering it the boldst move ever made by the Emperor.

In Prussia the elections have gone entirely in favor of the Prince Regent, or rather of the Liberal party, since it is difficult to ascertain precisely to which he belongs. Since his accession there has been a far friendlier feeling between Austria and Prussia.

In Russia the discontent of the nobles at the Emperor's recent emancipation of the serfs, has drawn from him at Moscow a public and marked rebuke for their indisposition to aid him in a measure he is determined to carry through. Indeed, he would be a lost man were he now to attempt to recede, as it is a dangerous thing to arouse and then disappoint the eager hopes of twenty millions of ignorant and unresponsible men.

Italy remains in the same vexed state, Austrian despotism a little relaxed, to the great disappointment of the King of Sardinia, who evidently wishes to make capital out of some outbreak among that irritable people.

#### FRANCE.

**Napoleon and Eugenie.**—The Emperor is entertaining a very distinguished circle of guests. Among them are Queen Christina of Spain, Lords Palmerston and Clarendon. This conjunction seems ominous for Lord Derby's first campaign.

#### PRUSSIA.

The Regent has commenced the formation of his Cabinet. Nine of the former Ministers will be retained. His policy is evidently to keep on good terms with Austria and England, and to present a determined but prudent front to the Franco-Russian alliance. His personal popularity is not great; his son is a favorite with the army, to whom he devotes considerable time and attention.

#### MEXICO.

**Another Outrage.**—The laxity of our Government in dealing with foreigners who have insulted and injured our citizens, is becoming a marked feature in our national character. The last steamer from San Diego brought as a passenger Mr. Augustin Ainsa. This gentleman has been the victim of a great outrage. He was carried captive to Guaymas. His four companions, sick Americans, were murdered, and he, scarce alive, had to endure the scene, amid the taunts and blows of the infuriated savages, and was then thrown into a dungeon, where the camps and the treatment he has received have made a wreck of what was once a fine constitution. He has now returned, a poor paralytic wretch, leaning upon the arm of a faithful servant, and bearing with him documents and affidavits, to show to the United States Government that in his person the honor of our country was violated, her flag dishonored, her soil polluted by the march of a foreign soldier into her territory, and the bodies of her citizens, massacred as they were, left to be a prey for wild mangled by hogs. We trust that this will be the last outrage that we will be called upon to relate. We hope that in the

"As to the emergency of a war with France, a great truth may be told in a few words. In any war in which France shall stand on the one side, and Great Britain with Austria on the other, France has but to advance towards the Austrian Frontiers and say, 'Here we are, to assist you, Italy, Hungary, Croatia, Galicia, Bohemia; rise and be free' and, so far from deriving any strength from an Austrian alliance, you should have given to your antagonist ten nations for allies, most of whom well know how to fight, and can muster armies by hundreds of thousands of men."

Kossuth miscalculates the British interests. England's allies will be revolutionised in the next war. He describes Louis Napoleon as "an ambitious mortal, who one day conveys you, another day builds a standing menace against you; and while, in his hypocritical ardor of friendship, he invites your Queen to grace with her presence the inauguration of his Sebastopol, built against the country of his invited guest, he at the same time takes care to revive ranking recollections, and stirs up new flares, and pokes and feeds the hereditary hatred of his nation against you, that he may have it prepared for possible emergencies; or should occasion linger, or should his heart fail him to touch you himself, he should at least leave you the legacy of revived hatred, and implant the thirst after your humiliation into the impulsive character of the nation over whom the evil genius of this dark decadent gave him power to rule for a span of years."

**Perjured Witness.**—An English paper has the following report: "A Mr. James Kelton, of High street, Shoreham, left his house in the charge of a servant named Ellen Everett. About half an hour afterward she was alarmed by the barking of a dog, and going upstairs she caught a thief in the very act of plundering the house. She seems to have behaved with great courage, for seizing a blunderbuss, she pointed it at the man, and desired him to lay down a plate basket which he had in his hand. He hesitated and she pulled the trigger, but with no effect, as the weapon was not loaded. She then threw it down, closed with the thief and wrenched the basket from him. He made his escape through a back window, and got clear off with two watches and some articles of jewellery. The young woman was passing through the Hackney road on Tuesday morning, and there saw Jonathan Abbott, a young man of twenty-one, looking at the outside of a waxwork exhibition. She found a policeman, and gave Abbott into custody as the thief. At the police-court she swore most positively that he was the person who had robbed her master's house, and nothing could make her waver in her assertion. She was repeatedly cautioned, but she answered that she was perfectly cool at the time, and that she could not be deceived in her recollection. Abbott's answer was a denial, and his father appeared to state that he had been with him all Sunday, from the time when he had got up at half-past eight in the morning until the same hour in the evening, and that they were at chapel together at the very time when the robbery had been effected. After hearing this the girl Everett still adhered to her statement. 'I can do swear to him,' she said, 'and I am quite sure he is the man.' The hearing was adjourned, and on a subsequent day a cloud of witnesses attended on behalf of Abbott. Three out of the number were examined, one of them the organist of the chapel that Abbott attended, and they deposed that he was there with his father at the time spoken of by the girl, and as Mr. Skelton's house was two miles from the place, it was clear that he could not have been the thief. A police-constable also stated that he knew a 'professional thief' who bore a strong resemblance to the prisoner. Abbott was, of course, discharged, but Ellen Everett remained unconvinced of his innocence. The young man was singularly fortunate, and may be cited to illustrate the advantage of regular habits."

The last remark is eminently cool; we consider the lesson to be derived is, that no servant girl of a particular class ought to be believed upon her oath. We have at this minute a case in point, where an Irish girl out of mere vengeance against her employer, an American, swears that she heard screams of murder and saw a dead body in a cistern that was open to all comers. Better do your own household work than have such domestics. Magistrates ought to be very careful how they receive the testimony of discharged servants.

#### IRELAND.

**Cardinal Wiseman.**—We have occasionally spoken of this eminent churchman with considerable asperity, which, no doubt, as Jeffeson Brink of the *Herold* would say, he deeply deplores. We are now glad to put something to his credit. He has recently given a lecture on Ireland, full of truth and sagacity. He bore witness to its improved condition. We extract a few brief passages:

"For hundreds of years they were subject to every form of oppression and wickedness, and then there came a still worse and more difficult trial than all. After so long a struggle with the power of man, it appeared as if the power of God had been brought suddenly to bear against them. Famine and pestilence invaded the greater portion of the country, and those parts suffered most in which there were less means of resistance or of remedy. That, however, was the turning point in the history of the country, and from that time they had to date for it the commencement of a bright future. Three changes might be said to have occurred in that period. One was the emigration which naturally took its origin in the desolation and poverty in which the great bulk of the population was plunged; another was the change in the system of agriculture; and the third was the letting loose of property to pass into the hands of those who, according to the laws of nature, ought at least to have had their share of it. What had been called the Exodus began and continued until it created alarm in the minds of those intrusted with the government of the country; but under the guidance of Providence it found a certain level, by which the condition of those who had gone as well as of those who remained at home was manifestly and permanently improved. That emigration had not been the mere rush of desperate men to seek better fortune in distant lands, nor had it severed any of the links that ought to bind together members of the same family; and in that latter circumstance was seen the genuine soundness of the Irish heart. After a passing expression of regret for what he called the monotony of food to the cultivation of which the people so long confined their energies, and were obliged for the most part to live, his Eminence said that during his recent visit he had noticed in many parts a regular rotation of crops, and had seen fields of various kinds of agricultural produce far more effectually tilled, and in a more promising condition, than he had seen in England before he went or since he had returned, though it might be without that finish which is obtained in this country. Let any one (he continued) go to Ireland now who had been there before, and notice the cattle, and he would find that it was not only greatly improved, but the whole system on which it was bred and managed totally changed for the better."

It is cheering to hear a Wiseman again on his native soil—he was a very foolish man in Ireland. So much for the deleterious influence of Jesuitism. It talks Dutch to the Dutch—in point of fact, ignorance to the ignorant.

#### FRANCE.

**The Montalembert Trial.**—The attention, not alone of France, but of all Europe, is now fixed upon this great trial, which may be considered as Napoleon's last attack upon the Press. If he convicts Montalembert, the organ of speech will only remain to gag; and we shall have the remarkable spectacle of thirty-five millions of people not daring to open their mouths till they have asked permission of the hero of Champagne and Bologna sausages!

**Parlant On Dits.**—The Court has not yet proclaimed its intentions. A singular and most alarming rumor has gone abroad, that the winter in high places will be quiet and uneventful. The habits of the Emperor are said to be changing fast, and devotion will obtain the mastery. Father Ventura, and evening prayers and religious exercises, are to replace Strans and the cotillon; and a manifest change is consequently expected to take place in the style and toilet of the ladies' robes à la civile, and mantes à la grand-mère, to replace the low dresses and immense farbaons of the last two years; and, as to crinoline, it is to be a thing to be remembered, but seen no more. The Empress is but half convinced of the propriety of these innovations; but as her Majesty has suffered herself to become the means whereby the end has been obtained, she now must support the consequence of the attainment of that aim, and leave to submit without a murmur.

Cloaks made of tiger skins are beginning to be worn in Paris.

The news is that the Empress has discarded her wire-wove encasements; and that, obedient to her example, short garments, looped up all round, are now to be the mode—in the manner of the Basques.

The greatest arrival of the week has been that of Count Grundwader, whose doings as a spiritual medium have thrown the quackeries of Hume quite into the shade. The count is young—just two and twenty—with eyes of a light green color, shaded, or rather enlightened, by lashes of the brightest orange. His light beard and delicate moustache are of the same color, while his hair is so many shades darker, that, by contrast, it seems almost black. His fortune is said to be gigantic, and he brings with him a young girl whose power is equal to his own, in order to give to the world a spectacle which has never before been beheld—that of the evocation of two spirits at once and the same time. Thus, the evocation at Count Grundwader's house the other night of the spirit of Goethe, and that of the young girl who had served as his model for his idea of Charlotte, in "Werther," was one of the most interesting scenes which has ever been witnessed.

Both Goethe and Charlotte were in high glee and fearing spirits; they literally laughed to scorn the power of man, and said and did the most uproarious things before the company, reproaching each other in merry dispute concerning many things unknown to the world, and exhibiting each other's little pre-cadillacs, although in the most amiable light, still rather too much in the broad noon of publicity, until it was thought advisable to dismiss them both to the vasty deep from whence they had both been summoned.

#### HOLLAND.

**Knickerbocker Mission.**—A recent traveller says that the unhappy Dutchmen are about now in Europe up to what they were in New Amsterdam when they were taken by the English sappers. A short time since he made a visit to the Grand Arsenal in Amsterdam. He was made to take off his shoes, empty his pockets of all metal, even to his gold dollars, dimes and cents. His pipe, with its accompanying tinder-box, were taken from him. Having a pair of bright eyes he had to pace them under green goggles. The big-breasted burgomaster, considering him now perfectly safe, allowed him to walk through that valley of the shadow of death called a powder magazine. Feeling a strong inclination to sneeze, he hastily pulled out his handkerchief. Something fell from his pocket among the gunpowder. Horror of horrors—it was a box of Lucifer matches! So much for old foggy prevention to free thought.

#### JAPAN.

**Jugglers.**—The recent visit to Japan has introduced us to most certainly a wonderful people; their manners and customs are as remarkable as their progress in the arts and sciences;

No. 1. The juggler took an ordinary boy's top, spun it in the air, caught it on his hand, and then placed it (still spinning) upon the edge of a sword near the hilt. Then he dropped the sword a little, and the top moved slowly

downward. Arrived at the very end, the hilt was lowered in turn, and the top brought back. As usual, the sword was dangerously sharp.

No. 2 was also performed with the top. He spun it in the air, and then threw the end of the string back towards it, with such accuracy that it was caught up and wound itself already for a second cast. By the time it had done this, it had reached his hand and was ready for another spin.

No. 3 was still performed with the top. There was an upright pole, upon the top of which was perched a little house with a very large front door. The top was spun, made to climb the pole, knock open the said front door, and disappear.

As well as I remember, the hand end of the string was fastened near the door, so that this was almost a repetition of the self-winding feat.

"He can make them alight wherever you wish. Try him," remarked the kame (prince), through the interpreter.

Mr. H. — requested that one might alight upon each ear of the juggler. No sooner expressed than complied with. Gentle undulations of the fan waved them slowly to the required points, and there left them comfortably seated. Now, whether his command over pieces of paper was obtained simply by currents of air or by the power of a concealed magnet, Mr. H. — could not tell or ascertain. One thing, however, was certain, the power was there.

#### PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

**Foreign Fashions.**—Plaids are very much in favor, both in poplin and woolen fabrics. Satin, taffetas and velvet are also much worn. The skirts are still worn very full, and while some are made quite plain many are seen with two, three or more flounces, and double skirts cannot yet be considered as discarded. One deep flounce, with a heading of several very narrow flounces above it, is not unfrequently adopted. Both double skirts and flounces are very prettily trimmed with flat plittings, either of the same material or of riband, and sometimes of taffetas a different color from the dress. Bodies of walking dresses are frequently quite plain, with the exception of the handsome buttons with which they are fastened in front. Basques are worn, but rounded or pointed bodies are much more in favor. A band with a square buckle usually accompanies a rounded body. In full dress pointed bodies only are allowed.

Many dresses of the present season have been made with corsages not pointed at the waist. With this form of corsage should be worn a ceinture with long flowing ends. The new ribbons for ceintures are extremely beautiful. Plaided patterns are very fashionable. Many of these ribbons have merely a ta-ta edge, the main body of the ribbon being different in color and design. Under sleeves worn in demi-toilette are frequently close at the wrists.

We have already noticed the revival of satin, a material which Fashion has, during several past seasons, totally abjured. Dresses of plain satin are now in high favor, especially in Paris. In evening costume, the Empress frequently appears in a dress of white satin. Rich silk and velvet are also favorite materials. The prevailing colors of the season are maroon, grosgrain, brown, green and royal blue. A moire silk, having a ground of any one of the above hues, figured with Pompadour bouquets in the natural colors of the flowers, forms a splendid dinner dress. Several lame dresses, intended for demi-toilette, have recently been made up. They have double skirts, each lined with a plissé of the same material as the dress. To produce a richer and more showy effect, the plissé or quilling may be trimmed at each side with narrow fringe. The corsages of these dresses are half-high, not pointed at the waist, and worn with cuttings of broad ribbon.

Velvets, in wide tiger-pattern stripes, in two shades, crossed by narrow satin stripes, are very handsome. We have seen an entirely new and elegant ornament for full dress, consisting of a network of chenille, with a band on each square. This was arranged so as to cover nearly the half of the skirt, forming a kind of tunie. It may be made in any color; for a colored satin or moire antique dress, it is perhaps best in black chenille, with jet beads; with a white dress, it is very pretty either in light blue, pink or green. The berthe should match.

Very pretty evening dress we may notice of pink tarlatane, with nine flounces, edged with a very narrow black velvet and guipure lace. The low body was pointed before and behind, and trimmed round the top and points with narrow black velvet. Over this was an Antoinette of black guipure, with a deep full covering the body to the waist; the ends tied behind and hanging on the skirt. Sleeves formed of two puffs, tied with black velvet with long ends.

Bonnets are in general worn larger than they were last year. Feather trimmings are very fashionable. Many white bonnets are trimmed with colored velvet. The mixture of white and black is still considered distinctive. Straw bonnets have lately been trimmed with crimson, green or Napoleon blue velvet. Marigold-colored velvet is extremely becoming to some complexions, but should be mixed with black. Jongouille color is also very good, and will be extremely fashionable this winter. We have seen a bonnet of this colored cape trimmed with velvet of the same color. Small curled feathers. Blonde strings, with a narrow velvet up the middle.

The mixture of terry velvet and plush is extremely pretty, and seems likely to be much worn this winter, as will also satin; but at present silk, royal velvet and terry velvet are most worn. These are generally trimmed with black lace and narrow velvet, with flowers or feathers. Small bouquets, wreaths and bows are still worn across the forehead, although not now the grande mode; but they require much skill in the placing, and also in the choice of color.

A bonnet of bright green royal velvet was made with a double front, a ruche of white tulles between the two. On the outside, black lace and a bunch of thistles. The same flowers in the cap. White green strings, trimmed with black lace.

Fur will be worn during the winter, as trimming for dresses as well as cloaks.

**Fine Lady a Century and a half Ago!**—Let all stingy husbands read the following wardrobe and its cost of a fine lady in 1719:

"A smock, of cambric Holland, £2 2s.; a Marseilles quilted petticoat, £2 6s.; a hoop petticoat, covered with tabb, £2 15s.; a French silk quilted petticoat, £10; a mantua and petticoat, of French brocade, £78; a French point ruffles and tucker, £80; necklace £11 5s.; English stays, covered with tabb, £3; a Flanders lace handkerchief, £10; an Italian lace, £5; a black silk à la mode hood, £15; a black lace hood, £5 5s.; French embroidered bosom knotted, £2 2s.; pochets, of Marseilles quilting, £11 5s.; muff, £8; sable tippet, £15; lining of Italian lacefacing, £8; Turkey handkerchief, £8 5s.; hat, of Leghorn, £1 10s.; beaver hat, for the forest, with feather, £8; a riding suit, with Persian embroidery, £47 10s.; three dresses, for the masquerade—two from Venice, £36; one from Paris, of green velvet, set with pearls and rubies, £123 16s. Besides these, there were shoe, stockings, gloves, pomanders, patches, powder, &c.; the whole footing up not far short of £2 500.

"The beau of 1727 is represented as dressed in a fine linen shirt, the ruffles and bosom of Mechlin lace; a small wig, with an enormous queue or tail; his coat well garnished with lace, black velvet breeches, red heels to his shoes, and gold clocks to his stockings; his hat beneath his arm, a sword by his side, and himself well scented."

A little earlier the authorities were down upon the Gourauds of that time. An act was introduced in the English Parliament in 1670, "That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maid or widows, that shall, from and after such act, impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony, any of his Majesty's male subjects, by scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, from stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the laws now in force against witchcraft, sorcery, and such like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, stand null and void."

The greatest arrival of the week has been that of Count Grundwader, whose doings as a spiritual medium have thrown the quackeries of Hume quite into the shade. The count is young—just two and twenty—with eyes of a light green color, shaded, or rather enlightened, by lashes of the brightest orange. His light beard and delicate moustache are of the same color, while his hair is so many shades darker, that, by contrast, it seems almost black. His fortune is said to be gigantic, and he brings with him a young girl whose power is equal to his own, in order to give to the world a spectacle which has never before been beheld—that of the evocation of two spirits at once and the same time. Thus, the evocation at Count Grundwader's house the other night of the spirit of Goethe, and that of the young girl who had served as his model for his idea of Charlotte, in "Werther," was one of the most interesting scenes which has ever been witnessed.

Both Goethe and Charlotte were in high glee and fearing spirits; they literally laughed to scorn the power of man, and said and did the most uproarious things before the company, reproaching each other in merry dispute concerning many things unknown to the world, and exhibiting each other's little pre-cadillacs, although in the most amiable light, still rather too much in the broad noon of publicity, until it was thought advisable to dismiss them both to the vasty deep from whence they had both been summoned.

**HOLLAND.**—A recent traveller says that the unhappy Dutchmen are about now in Europe up to what they were in New Amsterdam when they were taken by the English sappers.

A short time since he made a visit to the Grand Arsenal in Amsterdam.

He was made to take off his shoes,

empty his pockets of all metal, even to his gold dollars, dimes and cents.

His pipe, with its accompanying tinder-box, were taken from him.

Having a pair of bright eyes he had to pace them under green goggles.

The big-breasted burgomaster, considering him now perfectly safe, allowed him to walk through

that valley of the shadow of death called a powder magazine.

Feeling a strong inclination to sneeze, he hastily pulled out his handkerchief.

Something fell from his pocket among the gunpowder. Horror of horrors—it was a box of Lucifer matches! So much for old foggy prevention to free thought.

**JAPAN.**—The recent visit to Japan has introduced us to most certainly a wonderful people; their manners and customs are as remarkable as their progress in the arts and sciences;

No. 1. The juggler took an ordinary boy's top, spun it in the air, caught it on his hand, and then placed it (still spinning) upon the edge of a sword near the hilt. Then he dropped the sword a little, and the top moved slowly

beneath over the waters, denoted the progress of the party till their arrival off Yeni-Kenni, when the dull splashing noise of an upcoming steamer, whose bow and masthead lights became speedily visible round the point, checked this hilarity, and put the revellers on their guard.

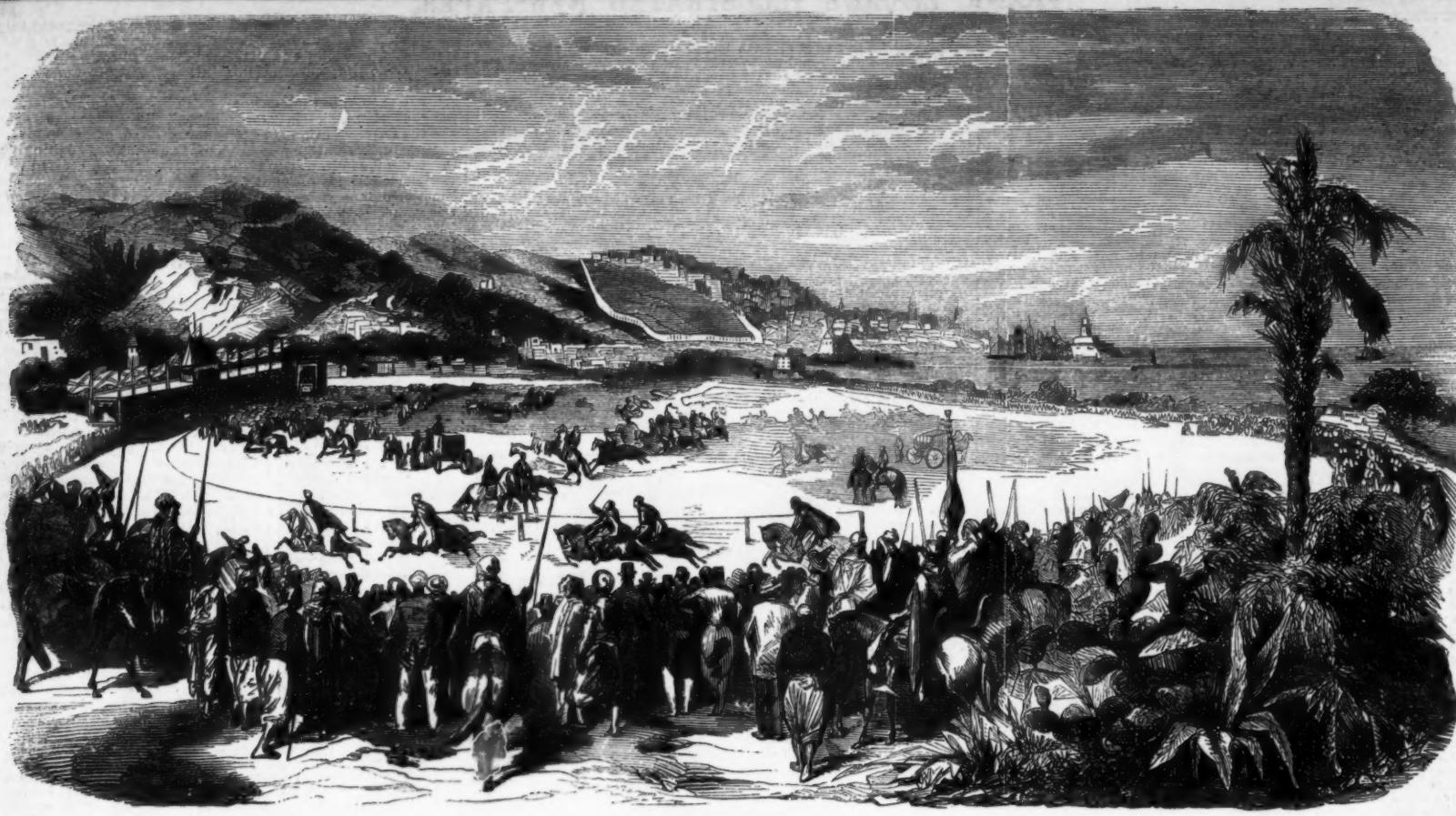
"The captain of the steamer—which belonged to Mr. Hanson, and was conveying a pie-nic party from the Prince Islands to Therapis—saw the foremost caïque in good time, and called out to give its occupant further warning of his approach. This was seemingly taken, and the caïque directed in shore between the steamer and the land, when suddenly its head was turned out, and an attempt made to shoot across the steamer's bows into the mid stream. The engine was immediately stopped and reversed, but too late to save the frail boat from its fate. In their mad effort, the rowers broke their oar-pins, and the caïque was swung round by the current under the steamer's paddle-wheel. From this point reports differ as to the details of what followed. One account says that the smashed boat at once went down, carrying with it the Pacha, wrapt in the thick folds of his fur pelisse; another, that he flung off this last, and jumped into the water, where he was for a time supported by one of the caïquees. Be the fact as it may, as soon as the steamer's boat could be let down to the rescue, together with others which speedily put off from the shore, Ali Ghali and two of his party had disappeared. The kaya (secretary) and three others were picked up, but the great man himself was nowhere to be found.

"The tragic news was at once communicated to the widowed Princess and the Sultan. Ali Ghali was never a great favorite with the latter, and on being informed of his untimely fate, his Majesty is said to have uttered an ejaculation which bespoke but little sorrow for the event. The Ministers of Marine and Police were, however, immediately summoned to the scene of calamity, and throughout the night constant efforts were made to recover the body of the lost Pacha, but without success. Up till a few hours ago similar exertions have proved equally fruitless, though the high reward of 200,000 piastres has been offered to stimulate the divers employed. At the time of his death the Pacha wore, amongst other jewels of value, a very costly diamond ring, which will in all likelihood be non est when the recovered body shall be delivered up by its lucky finder."

#### CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frere, the Chess Editor, Box 2496, N. Y. P. O.

**MORPHY IN EUROPE.**—The following we get from Herr Löwenthal's paper, the London Era: "Our readers, we feel sure, will share in the pleasure we have experienced on learning that Mr. Morphy has yielded to the



ARAB RACES IN ALGIERS.

## THE ALGERIAN RACES.

SOMEWHAT different from the aspect of our Eclipse and Fashion Course is that of the raceground appertaining to the Franco-Moorish city of Algiers. Racing is one of the innovations by the French conquerors which has been most willingly adopted by the native population, and for the last few years a course has been annually attended by multitudes from the city and the surrounding country. On the first day of the races, European riders, mounted on native horses, display their horsemanship and compete for the prize; on the second, the native agas have beaten the course; and on the third day the horses that have beaten in the two preceding contend for the prize of five thousand francs, or one thousand dollars. At intervals the Arab riders execute their wild feats of horsemanship upon the plain, to the great delight and entertainment of the European spectators.

## GENERAL JULIAN CASTRO.

The downfall of the Monagas Administration in Venezuela was accomplished in March of the present year, in a bloodless revolution instigated by General Julian Castro, an officer of the Venezuelan army, who was subsequently elected Provisional President. Among the great Generals of South America, Bolivar is well known as the most prominent, both on the battle-field and in the statesman's cabinet; and from his school have come forth many other generals who have kept up the honor of his country, which now bears the name of the Republic of Venezuela. General Julian Castro, its present President, and whose portrait we now give to our readers, is one of them. From his very birth he seems to have been predestined for a military career; for in the year 1810, when it took place in the city of Caracas (birthplace also of Bolivar), was first set up in those countries the war cry of independence. And accordingly he embraced the military profession as soon as he had terminated his first studies. His conduct as a military man, and his success in the fulfilment of his duty, are best illustrated by the fact that he has passed by every degree of the ladder of promotion to arrive at the rank of Commander-in-Chief, which has been conferred upon him this year by the grateful voice of the population of Venezuela, as a reward for a most distinguished patriotic service.

For the last ten years the power of the State had become the monopoly of a few men whose only serious policy was their own enrichment, and under their tyranny the republic found its external credit perfectly abandoned, and suffered all the evils consequent upon a reckless and dishonest administration. This contrasted so glaringly with the conduct of its previous government, headed by the Generals Paez and Soublette, who were so well known for their honorable equity, and from the scrupulous regularity with which the interest of the public debt of Venezuela was then paid, that such a change from their system was too violent to insure a willing acceptance. This occurred during the whole period which the late arbitrary government lasted repeated attempts to put an end to so scandalous a state of public rule. But they all proved ineffectual, being in every case overborne by the brutal violence of the men in power, who only acquired theretrom the more audacity, while the despair of the population increased with the belief in their unconquerable position. It was under such disheartening impressions that a mere handful of true patriots, with a firm

faith in their success, based on the thorough discredit of these rulers, undertook the task of restoring the common weal, and chose for their chief, General Castro. Braving all hazards against the prevalent despotism, they proclaimed the regeneration of their country on the 5th of March of the present year, in the city of Valencia, where the General resided, and where he began the achievement which has made his name so well known.

Placed as he was already in so high a military position, and flattered by a power which lavished its favors on those who could contribute to its maintenance, he preferred the disinterested glory of being the liberator of his country to any selfish advantage, and directed the political movement which, in the space of ten days only, resulted in recovering for the nation its lost liberties, without bloodshed or disaster of any kind, which certainly was a most unforeseen occurrence. He has thus earned the heartfelt gratitude of the honest majority of his fellow-citizens, who have at last the satisfaction of seeing the re-establishment of public order and morality. His firm decision under such critical circumstances—his spontaneous promise to the National Assembly to resign his power as soon as the State is in safety—the readiness with which he has called together the representatives of the nation to pass the new fundamental law—the liberty of the press, and the pardon for all political offenses which he has proclaimed, and his scrupulous respect for the civil authorities—all concur to mark General Castro as the worthy depositary of

the trust of his nation, and is in every way fitted to consolidate the supremacy of the law. Means will not be wanting to him to give strength to his Administration, for the recollection of the sufferings inflicted by his predecessors will induce all honorable citizens to continue the support which they have hitherto given him.

The republic, moreover, can now reckon on the concurrent services of its former Presidents, the veteran Generals Paez and Soublette, along with those of many others, who will contribute to found in this important State a firm and honorable Government, no longer exposed, as heretofore, to the contests of claimants for power; for the most influential men of the Conservative party, of which General Castro is the representative, are generals and statesmen who have passed through the whole career of political honors, and have already acquired the honest fame which is the only ambition of noble hearts. General Castro, who is younger than some of his colleagues, can therefore rely on their loyal concurrence and advice, based upon a profound knowledge and enlarged experience of State administration, so as to re-establish public credit both at home and abroad. This will be the crowning-point of the regeneration of this fine country—a work which reflects honor upon the whole school of politicians of which General Castro is a pupil, according to the well-known adage of "*Laus discipuli laus magistri*" (the praise of the scholar is the master's praise).

PUBLIC SCHOOL EXHIBITION  
at the Cooper Institute.

A very interesting gathering of the pupils in the different public schools of the city took place in the Cooper Institute on Friday, November 26, when a speech was made by Peter Cooper, and the pupils were entertained with music and addresses. The large hall of the building was crowded with pupils and visitors; the number of scholars present having fallen little short of three thousand. The first three grammar classes of nearly all the schools were present, together with their instructors.

The programme for the entertainment, which commenced at three P.M., consisted in various selections, Mr. Villanova performing on the Alexandre organ, and Mr. Timm on the piano-forte; the quartette choir, led by Mr. Henry Camp, also bore a prominent share in the exercises. A quartette, composed of two ladies and two gentlemen from the Mendelssohn Union, led by Mr. Camp, sang two pieces; and Miss Eliza A. Maher, of Ward School No. 34, sang one solo, accompanied by the organ.

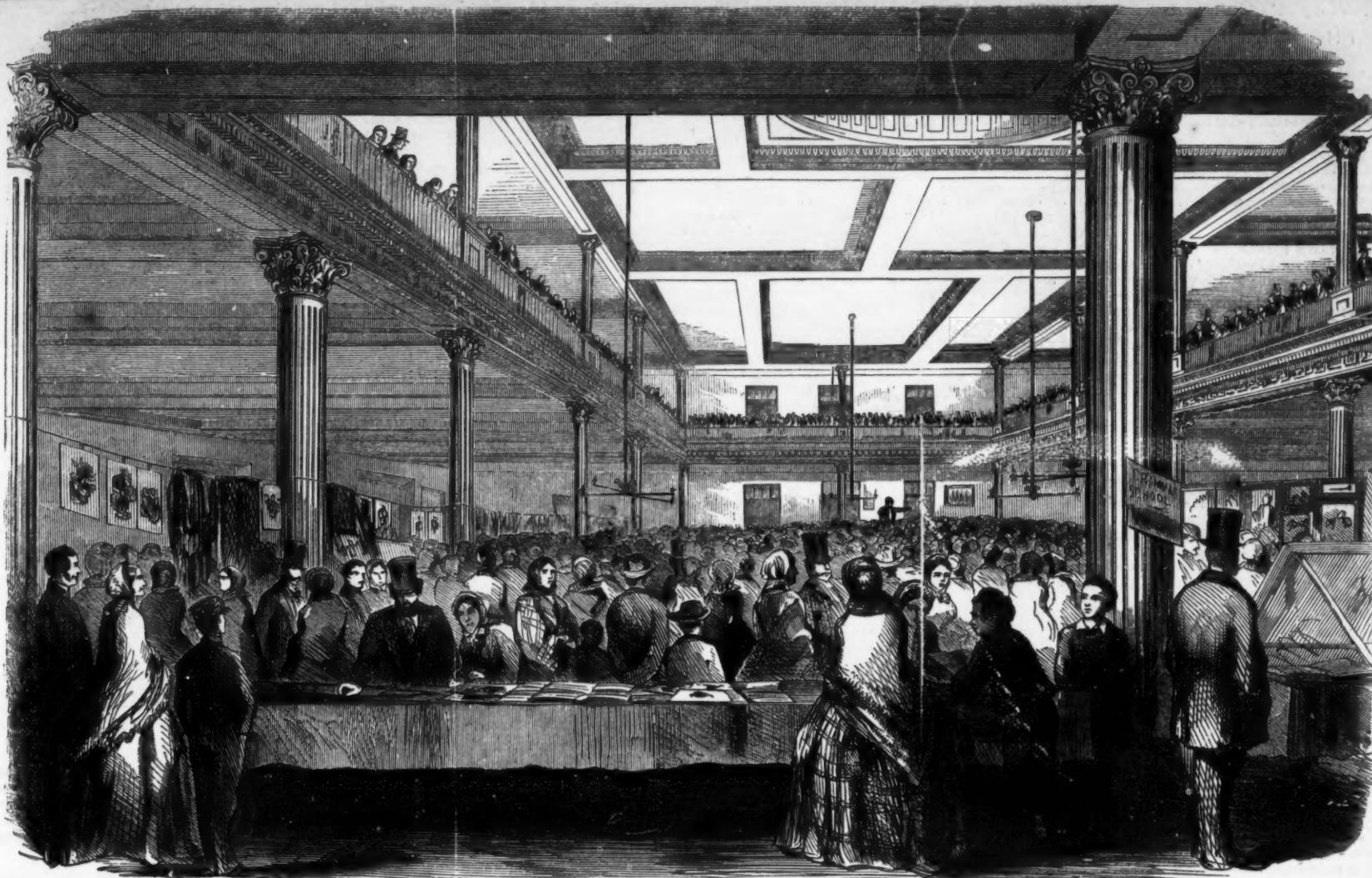
The exercises were opened by William Jay Haskett, Esq., who read the twenty-fourth Psalm, and at its conclusion Mr. Cooper delivered his address, in which he dwelt upon the importance of education as a means of success in life. He drew a similitude between life and a voyage on the sea. The different branches of education were the compass, the charts, the barometer and the other implements of their profession. Without them they could have no certainty that the voyage of life would be prosperous. At the close of the entertainment the boys gave loud cheers for Peter Cooper.

## ALL HALLOW EVE.

The night of the 1st of November, known as Allhallow Eve from the fact of its preceding the great Romish holiday of All Saints Day, is especially believed by the superstitious peasantry of Ireland to be that on which all the invisible creation—



GENERAL JULIAN CASTRO, PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA.



ENTERTAINMENT OF PUPILS FROM THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, NOVEMBER 26.

ghosts, witches and fairies—delight most in tormenting or leading astray the unwary; while in England the more sober country folks believe that the young man or maiden who ventures to brave the supernatural terrors of the churchyard during the darkness of that night will be gratified with a vision of the bride or bridegroom that the future destines for them. In order to counteract the presence of numbers the supposed influence of the fairy world on Allhallow E'en the Irish peasantry have been immemo-

rially accustomed to make the night a season of festivity, and great gatherings of lads and lasses take place yearly at farm-houses and cottages all over the gem of the sea. The mirth and jollity of these occasions is well represented in our sketch. There is the imitable story-telling, for which the Hibernian peasant is so widely famed; sly love-making in corners and kisses out of sight, and games in which the participants sometimes get a little rough handling are not wanting. A favorite form of amusement

is the *scaltheen*, which consists in snapping with the mouth at apples placed on cross sticks suspended from the ceiling. The ends of the stick are garnished alternately with apples and with lighted candles, so that the candidate for the prize stands a fair chance of a bite of tallow, or of singed eyelashes, as the scaltheen is rapidly twirled around. At one o'clock the spell of Allhallow E'en is broken, and all may return to their homes without fear of ghostly molestation.



MERRYMAKING ON ALLHALLOW EVE—SUPERSTITION'S CUSTOM OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

(Written expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

## THE BEAUTIFUL VAGRANT:

A Tale of Life's Chances and Changes.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

It was well that terrible blast was not long in its continuance; but when its fury was somewhat abated how the rain did pour! Literally it came in torrents.

"De boat! de boat!" exclaimed Sambo, "I berry 'fraid, Mass Richard, de boat bruk loose in dah dreadful win'—de po' boat!"

"Let's go and see, boys," said I; and Sambo, Neptune and myself joined hands and groped our way to the landing. We had to wade for some distance in water up to our knees; for already the river was overflowing its low banks, and the road shelved down for some distance from the landing, and was often filled with water.

"Tenk God, Mass Richard!" exclaimed Sambo, whose eyes, accustomed to seeing in the dark, were keener than ours.

"Do you see the boat, Sambo?"

"Dat i does, massa; I no bin tie um so fas' for nutt'n. Dis yer dah great rope, dis yer is!"

"Let us hope for the best, Sambo; God has helped us hitherto."

"Dat dah true, massa. One man bin tell me turrer day dat do great Farrer up dey bin hab someting else for do beside watch me; but I know better; I know he often does put he han' underneat' my boat for hole um up; I know dat."

I would not disturb this genuine, simple and child-like faith; and I knew that, however sceptical I might be at other times in regard to a superintending Providence, on such occasions as the present I always flung my foolish philosophy to the winds, and clung with earnest heart and unquestioning mind to the beautiful and simple faith my mother had taught me at her knee. No; the words I had uttered, "The Lord has helped us hitherto," were not mere words of course, but had come, in an honest moment, from my inmost heart.

We called to the rest of our company entreating them to come on as fast as possible; for we knew not how long the rope which had held the boat, "great" as it was in Sambo's estimation, would bear the strain upon it. We were soon all in the boat, together with the travellers, who, much to our disgust and annoyance, instead of being thankful for the preservation of their lives, were cursing and swearing over the loss of their horses.

"Look yer, massa," said Sambo to one of them, "I can't promise for tek you ober safe ef you meks us ob sich langridge. You meks all me oba a trimble, an' dat yer ent no time for trimblin'. Beside, de great Farrer wont tek no keer ob us ef we treats um data-way." Thus rebuked they became silent, but evidently not from any feeling of reverence.

The pull back was worse than the other. The wind, blowing rather sideways, was more against us, or more "ahead" than before, and the storm had not abated. It was terrible work. The travellers gave us no help, and we could see, by the occasional gleams of lightning, that they were seated on the board which enclosed the other side of the boat. We excused them, however, on the ground of fatigue, for we knew how long they had been exposed to the peltings of the pitiless storm. The boat progressed but slowly, for, notwithstanding our number, we were almost exhausted. Neptune and Sambo frequently uttered words of encouragement which were not without their influence; but it was only by bracing ourselves to the work that we continued it, and I, for one, felt strongly tempted to throw myself down in the bottom of the boat, and take my chance for life.

But soon we heard the cheering voice of Sambo, "Keep ha'at, chil'dun, keep ha'at! we mos' ober now! Two or three good strong pull, an' we'll be ober!" So we lent ourselves with renewed vigor to our work.

But just at this moment we heard a sudden splash, an exclamation and an oath. Then a yell, prolonged and fearful, fell upon our ears, and some of us dropped the rope in terror! Then came the mingled sounds of entreaty, of blasphemy, of warning! One of the travellers had fallen overboard!

"For God's sake, catch de rope 'gain, all ob you!" shouted Sambo; "de boat, swingin' roun'! Hol' on! hol' on! pull ha'ad! dat now, she comin' roun', pull ha'ad! pull ha'ad!" And pull we did, for life itself, making amends by almost superhuman efforts, for our momentary forgetfulness.

"Hol' on now!" said Sambo; "Neptin! you go look for dah po' man in de ribber; I 'fraid for leabe go yer! Go, Neptin, dey! dey! I see um dey!"

"Whey?" shouted Neptune, "I no see nutt'n! Massa! whey you is? Holler, massa, of you kin!"

"Here I am! oh save me! Oh! oh!" And his voice grew fainter in the distance, for the rushing torrent was sweeping him away.

"Can he swim?" I asked of his companion, who seemed almost paralyzed by fear, horror, or something else.

"Not a stroke!" exclaimed the man; and, as I bent my head to hear his answer—for, finding my strength failing me, I had left the rope—the fumes of bad whiskey told me plainly enough where he, at least, had been seeking consolation during the storm.

"Dah you, Neptin! Dah yer good fellow! Keep ha'at, man—keep ha'at! Dey he is! Strike out yander! Dey he is!" This was addressed to Neptune by Sambo, for Neptune had plunged in to the rescue, while Sambo still grasped the rope with his horny hands.

"I hab um! I hab um!" shouted Neptune. "Somebody come to dis side yer, an' hole out ho han'! Mek haste! mek haste! Dis berry ha'ad wuk!"

"Here, Neptune, here's my hand!" I cried; and bracing myself against the side of the boat, I leaned out as far as I dared in the direction of his voice. It was well I did, for the poor fellow had undertaken what was beyond his strength. It would have been terrible work to breast the rapid current without the additional weight of a drowning man, and Neptune caught my hand just as he was himself about going down. This gave him fresh courage; and he clambered over the boat's side, holding fast to the hair of the man he had saved, and together we dragged him into the boat, for he was past helping himself.

We got safely at last to the other side, and felt that we had been carried through a terrible ordeal. We found the doctor anxiously awaiting our return, and he wrung my hand with fervor, and uttered a hearty "Thank God!"

The saved man, still insensible, was carried by Neptune and Sambo, and the doctor gave orders that he should be taken into his office—a small building that stood apart from the house—"for," said he, "I'll not risk any noise in the house." And thither he was carried.

"How is Mary?" asked Harry and I in the same breath.

"Still sleeping quietly," replied the doctor. "Tis true I have given her some anodyne; but she can't be in much pain, or her sleep wouldn't be so quiet." It was now our turn to utter a fervent "Thank God!"

We accompanied the doctor to the office, and having ascertained that the stranger was alive, we proceeded to dry our clothes by the large fire we found there. The other traveller was a dark, ill-looking man, very surly and taciturn, seldom raising his eyes, and scarcely deigning an answer to the necessary inquiries of the doctor. The remedies usually resorted to for the resuscitation of the drowned soon produced their wonted effect, and it was not long before the stranger opened his eyes and gazed wildly round the room. When he saw his companion he cast upon him a look of inquiry, and the other said something to him in Spanish; but just then the sick man's eyes encountered mine, and I saw him start, while a scowl of defiance gleamed from his eyes. It was the man who called himself Mary's father!

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Where had this dreadful man been through all these years? And why did he appear just at this very time? Just at the moment

when the imminent danger of our dear Mary had proved how much we loved her, and how hard it would be to lose her.

As soon as we had sufficiently dried our clothing, Harry and I went into the house. I was uncertain whether or not Harry had recognized the rescued man, but I saw that he seemed uneasy, and at length he said,

"Did you look particularly at that fellow's face, Dick?"

"Yes, I did," said I.

"Did you ever see him before?"

"Yes."

"Was it he?"

"Yes, Harry, it was he."

"Now, what's to be done?"

"We must get Mary away as soon as she can be removed. I must see General Worthington, and lay my plans; that fellow is here for no good."

"And to think," said Harry, "that we risked our lives to save him! But, nonsense, Dick! what can he do?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," I replied; "but you know what a coward I am where Mary is concerned?"

Just at this moment old Dido entered the room. She gave us two of her profound and graceful courtesies, and then came up to me.

"Mass' Dick," said she, "I berry uneasy."

"What about, mom Dido?"

"Bout ebery ting, massa; dere's dah ole Satan, Mass' Gibbin, he gwine on like de ole Harry; an' dis mornin' he sca' he po' wife so, tell she faint clean 'way; but neber min', he want be so berry long befo' de good Farrer gwine tek um to herself, where Mass' Gibbin can't worrit um no mo', bless de Lord!"

"What else troubles you, mom Dido?"

"I berry uneasy 'bout George, massa; Mass' Gibbin is mistreat um an' worrit um tell he ent like de same boy he was, and sometimes—here she lowered her voice to a whisper—"I berry 'fraid he gwine run off."

"Oh, surely George wouldn't do that, mom Dido," said I; "he's too much attached to Ned, and to his old master; in fact, to the whole family."

"Dat's a fac', massa," said Dido; "but what mek me uneasy is dis. Dere's been a couple o' mean buckras (white men) a hangin' roun' here dis some time. Venus oberhearn dem' talkin' to Georgeudder night, an' de tole um dey was a goin' 'cross de ferry for a few days, an' dey was a comin' back to-night, an' comin' to ole massa's arter something she couldn't hear what. But I hope to de Farrer dat diyer storm is blow dem somewhere fur off from yer. I tell you, my chil'dun, I was mighty glad when ole massa an' Miss Dora got back, an' mek me come on yer for see to Miss Mary, cos now I kin watch George too. Anyhow, tank God, no human creeter kin git 'cross de ferry to-night!"

Harry and I exchanged looks, but we did not venture to tell Dido that the very man who had stolen Mary in Charleston so many years ago was probably one of those to whom she alluded. I informed her, however, that the ferry had been crossed, and begged her to keep her eye on George, though I could not believe it possible that he could be so base as to play into that fellow's hands.

Before bedtime the storm lulled considerably, and the dark clouds began to roll away. The roaring of the wind was exchanged for the gentle murmurs which could almost always be heard among the pines, and the moon shone out occasionally, for a moment or two, in all her brightness. Before making arrangements for the night, Harry and I visited our dear invalid, whom we found awake, and doing well. Bettie and Mrs. Perry insisted on sitting up with her, which Mary declared was not at all necessary; but Bettie, as she usually did, managed to have her own way.

We then proceeded to the office, and found that our strange birds had flown. The doctor, knowing nothing about them, had insisted on their remaining for the night, but this they positively refused to do; and, as soon as possible, they had left the premises, almost without a word of thanks. Finding a good fire in the office, Harry and I determined to remain there for the present, to talk over matters, while we persuaded the doctor to retire, and take some rest.

And we had enough to talk about. Harry, dear fellow, opened his whole heart to me, and told me how the strong affections, which he had thought for ever buried in the grave of his early disappointment, had been quickened into new life by Mary's worth and loveliness, and how he found his happiness now depending almost wholly upon her. At the same time he told me with a sigh that he feared he was again doomed to disappointment, for he could perceive that Mary did not love him as he loved her.

"Have you spoken to her on the subject, Harry?" said I.

"No," he replied, "I have not dared to do it. I have been afraid of disturbing the tranquil harmony of our present intercourse; nor shall I speak to her, Dick, unless I see more unequivocal signs of affection than I do now."

"My dear friend," said I, "your union with Mary would fulfil the dearest wish of my heart. I don't know a man in this world to whom I would so gladly entrust her. Wait patiently; Mary is still very young, and you are not old."

"Too old for her, I'm afraid. Ned loves her too, Dick, don't you think so?"

"Yes," I replied, "anybody can see that, and Ned is a fine fellow; but, on my soul, Harry, I think you would suit her better. And, somehow or other, I have a strong belief that you will win her yet."

He put his hand on my shoulder, and looked earnestly in my face with the smile of a happy child. "Have you, Dick?" said he.

"Indeed I have, Harry," was my reply.

Just at this moment the large house-dog, which had been lying just inside of the door, raised his head and began to growl. We listened, and heard voices conversing earnestly, but evidently in a subdued tone. We kept perfectly silent, but prepared ourselves for a sudden surprise, and Harry reached silently forward, and taking up a pistol which was lying on the doctor's table, examined it to ascertain whether it was loaded and ready for action. Presently the voices rose, as if in altercation, and then we heard a rush, and some one sprang violently against the door, while the dog began to bark most furiously. As soon as we could quiete his barking, and then we heard the voice of George, crying, "Mass' Dick! Mass' Harry! let me in! quick! quick!"

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

I STRANG to the door and opened it, while Harry cocked the pistol and stood at the side of the door with his finger on the trigger. George, however, rushed in alone, and then carefully locked the door.

"What's the matter, George?" we both exclaimed; "what is all this?"

"Just let me get my breath, Mass' Dick," said George, "and I'll tell you all about it."

We saw that he was very much agitated, and handing him a chair, insisted on his taking a seat. But he sank down on a trunk near the door, placed his elbows on his knees, and resting his head on his hands, remained in this position for some time. Anxious as we were to hear his story, we would not interrupt him.

"Ma's Richard and Mass' Harry," said he, at length, "I've been the biggest fool that ever lived."

"How's that, George?" said I.

"Why, about a week ago, Mass' Ned sent me of a message to Mass' Tim Rodgers, about ten miles on the other side of the swamp. When I got almost there I met two white men, who stopped me and began to talk to me. I ought to tell you first, that, for three or four days before that, Mass' Gibbons had been treating me so badly that I felt as if I couldn't stand it. I'd be afraid to tell you what dreadful thoughts have come into my mind about that man! Well,

I was thinking, as I was riding along by myself, that I couldn't stand such treatment any longer, and that I would get old

massa, much as I would hate to leave Mass' Ned, to hire me out—when, as I said before, I met those two men.

"They seemed to know all about the family, and asked me a great many questions about everybody, but especially about Miss Mary. They asked if she rode out much, or walked out much, and even asked what room she slept in; but I wouldn't tell them, because I thought it was none of their business. I've often heard that the Yankees are very inquisitive; but somehow, those men didn't talk like Yankees. Well, anyhow, when they talked about Mass' Gibbons—they seemed to know him too—they abused him so heartily that it made me sort o' like them. Then they asked me what I staid there for, and said if I would go with them I could easily pass myself off for a white man, and make money as they did. They talked very fair, Mass' Richard, and I kept on listening, and, after I got home I kept thinking about it, till I made up my mind, at last, to run off; but I wasn't happy all the time. Anyhow, I was to meet them again, and then we were to make all the arrangements for going off; but to-night they got hold of me when I was standing under a big tree by myself and I've found out all about them. One of them is that very man you got Miss Mary from."

"I know that, George," said I. "But why did you rush in here so? It seemed as if some one was pursuing you."

"So there were, Mass' Dick," answered George. "When that man found out that I knew him, and that I wouldn't do what he wanted me to do, he tried to catch me to carry me off, I suppose."

"What did he want you to do?" I asked.

"He wanted me to promise that I would try to get Miss Mary out somewhere by herself. He said he was her father, and he wanted to speak to her." Here Harry groaned audibly.

"I have no idea that he is her father, George," said I; "you know what the woman said when she was dying. But if he could see Mary alone he would tell her he was her father, and try and get money from her; or, perhaps, carry her off, to get money from me. What did you tell her?"

"I told him I wouldn't have anything to do with it, and then he cursed me and said he was playing me false, and declared that he'd put an end to me before I knew where I was; and he started to take hold of me, when I ran ahead of him, and got here in time before he and the other one could overtake me. I dare say they're skulking about here now, or else Carlo wouldn't keep up such a growling."

"Well, George," said I, "I'm glad you've told me all this, for now I will be on my guard against them. But how came you to listen to them at all—didn't you know what the fellow was?"

"Why, Mass' Dick, I never recognized him till to-night. The other night he must have been disguised, for he looked as different as now I kin watch George to-night!"

"Yes," said Harry, "these fellows know how to disguise themselves."

"Well, how is Miss Mary now, Mass' Dick?" asked George.

"She's better, George," said I; "the doctor thinks she was not seriously injured by the fall." Then, turning to Harry, I said, "we must get her back home to-morrow, if she can bear the ride."

"I think so too," said Harry.

"Depend upon it, Mass' Dick," said George, "I'll keep both my eyes open. I've been a fool once, and now I'll try if I can't keep my right senses about me. I don't think those men are going to give up very easily what they've come after; but if they've come after Miss Mary they'll have some tough fighting before they can get her. Mass' Ned would shold every drop of his blood for her, any minute."

"So would we all, George," said Harry; "but these men have no idea of losing any of their precious blood, or of making us lose ours. They only want to get their hands in our pockets. But come what will, we mustn't let them annoy Mary."

I had very little to say, but sat with my eyes fixed on the fire, while my thoughts were by no means idle.

### CHAPTER XL.

It was the day before Christmas. The usual neighborhood parties had been given every night of the week, but, although Mary had apparently quite recovered from her indisposition, and was as full of life and bloom as ever, we all thought it best that she should

in his own reflections; and after a while came Bettie, to rouse us up. She laughed, and joked, and raised quite a commotion, but it was shortly over, and when she left us for some other part of the room we once more sank into silence.

"Mary," said Harry at length, "would you be afraid to walk up and down the piazza for a little while? It isn't very cold."

"I—I do you think I ought to go, Cousin Dick?" said she, suddenly turning to me.

"I don't think it would hurt you, Mary," said I.

She gave me a reproachful glance, then took Harry's offered arm, and they left the room together.

Up and down, backwards and forwards, they walked. I could see them through the window. Harry's head was bowed down in earnest conversation; Mary's head, too, was down, but she was looking another way, off into the yard. The piazza had been brilliantly lighted, in honor of Christmas; and all over the yard were burning bright fires of lightwood, which cast over everything a ruddy glow.

If earnest wishes are prayers, then was I at prayer; for most earnestly I wished that Harry's conversation with Mary—I could divine its import—might lead to the result on which I knew poor Harry's heart was set. I could not see how Mary could resist him. To me he appeared to be all that was noble, graceful, refined and good; indeed, I knew that there were few just like him upon earth. But would she see him with my eyes?

(To be continued.)

### THE CHILD'S SPIRIT TO ITS MOTHER.

By Mark Lemon.

SWEET mother, do not weep,  
Thy child is but asleep!  
For when the Spring brings back again  
The flowers and sunny skies,  
The roses of my lips shall tell,  
The bluebells of my eyes,  
Sweet mother, I am near;  
Why shouldst thou shed a tear?  
  
Sweet mother, do not weep,  
Thy child is but asleep!  
And when the Summer breezes sigh,  
Through every leafy tree,  
Believe it is my little voice,  
That's calling thee to me.  
Sweet mother, I am near;  
Why shouldst thou shed a tear?

(From Advance Sheets furnished us by the courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Stanford & Deller.)

### CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILLE.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

#### THE BERTAUDIERE.

CHAPTER XXV.—BRINGS TO LIGHT A FEW OF THE SECRETS OF LUTETIA. THE EMPEROR JULIAN DEPARTS UPON A MYSTERIOUS ENTERPRISE.

As the spy directed his steps towards the palace of the Roman emperors, he had ample leisure to reflect upon the events which he had so recently witnessed, and congratulated himself upon his discovery of D'Argenson's treacherous intentions, as the knowledge thus acquired promised to prove the means of assisting him to baffle them; showing him, moreover, the necessity of being more than ever upon his guard against his astute superior, and of keeping the strictest watch over his proceedings.

The unfortunate baron's fate he sincerely lamented, not only because of the great friendship he entertained for him, but because he had unwittingly become the instrument of his incarceration by bringing him into collision with D'Argenson.

He had reached the Pont de la Tournelle, in front of the magnificent cathedral of Notre Dame, upon which the queen of night now shone in full lustre.

Jacques gazed long and silently upon the sacred pile, alternately directing his eyes downwards upon the smooth surface of the river—on which the moon, like some coquette, had stooped awhile from her high throne to admire her maiden beauty—then into the clear firmament, where he beheld her holding court, surrounded by multitudes of orbs, twinkling in obeisance.

Of what nature were the thoughts that filled the heart of that strange man? he owned no religion—followed no creed—yet, as he stood at midnight on that isolated bridge—alone—apart from human kind—communing with nature—his bosom heaved, as his eyes wandered over the heavens; he sighed audibly, and tears trickled down his manly face.

Ding dong! ding dong! clang clang! boom! boom! The tom-bell of Notre Dame chimed, two! A pause; and fifty brazen voices, from as many belfries, echo two.

Jacques started, quickened his pace, and soon arrived at Maitre Michaux's; the door flew open before he could knock, for Polyphemus was awaiting his arrival.

The emperor (for so he was called here), was greeted on his entry into the halls below, with the acclamations of his Lutetian subjects, a mark of respect which he acknowledged by an inclination of the head, at the same time casting his eyes rapidly around, as if for the purpose of reconnoitring the number. The glance appeared satisfactory, for his features assumed a singular expression of satisfaction, although not amounting to a smile; as he moved towards his accustomed seat at the upper end of the first hall, he held out a hand to St. Marcel, who was seated close by the philosopher, both deeply engaged in the mysteries of the dice-box; they had evidently become upon intimate terms.

"Thou hast won my last crown, friend Marcellus," exclaimed Democritus, throwing down the dice; "there it is! I like to play and pay! against ill-for-tune, bear up with a stout heart, says the proverb!"

"That's true philosophy," responded St. Marcel; "but didst thou say the last crown?"

"My very last! upon my honor!"

"Then I'll lend thee one to begin again—or twenty if thou wilt, what sayest thou?"

"Nolo!" answered the philosopher, declining the proffered gift; "I never borrow!"

"I'll give thee thy crowns again then," remonstrated St. Marcel, apparently bent upon seducing his friend to try fortune again; "I can but win them back!"

Democritus laughed and shook his head.

"Come," said St. Marcel, "try! let us see whether the luck will turn!"

And he rattled the dice in the box.

But the philosopher remained inexorable, dashing his fist down, to intimate his determination not to be tempted.

"I'll tell thee what I'll do," resumed the other, despairing at his companion's firmness; "here are fifty crowns which I have won from thee! Now, I will throw against myself, whether I shall give them to thee back or not!"

"A gambler to the core," observed the philosopher, draining a goblet;

"go on Marcellus, since thou wilt have it so."

"Well, then, here goes for thee, friend Democritus," cried St. Marcel, throwing out the dice; "six deus! that's bad! And here's for me! ah! ah! ah! then hast lost again! six trois!"

"I hope thou art satisfied," resumed the other; "thou hast it all thine own way."

"I would offer to play thee for thy clothes," exclaimed St. Marcel, laughing, and scrutinizing the philosopher's toilet, which, as will be remembered, was by no means remarkable for elegance or good condition—"only that the fashion of them is somewhat peculiar."

Democritus did not appear to take his friend's baiters in ill part; on the contrary, the allusion caused him to burst into a loud fit of merriment, which evidently owed its origin to the remark itself, than to some circumstance connected with it. St. Marcel, however, attributing the philosopher's mirth to the sally, joined in it with the heartiness of a man determined to enjoy his own joke, and finally pledged Democritus in a bumper.

"It has often struck me," said he, addressing his philosophic friend, and depositing his goblet upon the bench, across which they were seated, having converted the same to the use of a temporary table, "that thy story must be very diverting! Thou hast not always followed thy present avocation?"

Democritus returned no answer to this indirect question, other than was conveyed by his smile, and the exhibition of his small white hands to the eyes of his interrogator.

"Yes," resumed the latter; "but if thou art of gentle blood, as thou wou'dst intimate, methinks thy hands were better employed in wielding the sword of thy ancestors than the implements of thy craft."

"The implement's of thy craft—I mean thy book and basket!"

"My craft, eh, friend Marcellus?" rejoined Democritus, with a look which betrayed some contempt at his companion's lack of penetration.

"Ay, thy craft! Art thou not a chiffronier?"

"Bah!" ejaculated the philosopher, petuantly.

"Well, well, I knew I was mistaken," observed St. Marcel; "and I am glad of it; for although, friend Democritus, I have a very great respect for thee—for this, mind—the uniform is not exactly the thing; it quite puts my friendship to the blush."

"It is rather undress, I admit," rejoined the philosopher, coming with indigo gravity the numerous rents in his garments; "my shoes, to begin with, are not twine"—he wore a boot and shoe—"then my coat is rather a

loose fit, not like thine, which looks like thine own skin, embroidered." Here Democritus threw up his legs, the exhibition of which, in almost their primitive state, occasioned the friends to indulge in another laugh, which was drowned, like many of its predecessors, in another bumper. "But come," continued he, "I think thou art a right sort of fellow, friend Marcellus; give me thy hand: 'tis long since I met with one so much after my own mine; and since thou art curious to learn my story, I promise to give it thee; but not now, we will choose a more favorable opportunity. Hush! the emperor is going to speak!"

The individual alluded to had been engaged during the above colloquy between St. Marcel and the ragged philosopher in close conversation with some two or three of his associates, which, from the earnestness of their gestures, appeared to be of an importunate nature; when Democritus spoke, the spy held his hand raised, as if for the purpose of imposing silence; having thus attracted the attention of the majority, he filled a large goblet with wine, and recited it above his head, exclaiming in a sonorous voice:

"Lutetia! Success to her friends—perdition to her foes!" and he emptied the vessel at a draught.

His example was imitated by his companions, and for a few moments nothing was heard save the clashing of pitchers and drinking-cups, intermingled with fifty voices, reiterating the toast:

"Lutetia! Success to her friends—perdition to her enemies!"

Another sign of the hand, on the part of Jacques, caused silence to reign throughout the hall, which he a second time interrupted:

"Friends," said he, elevating his voice, "are there none here but good and true Lutetians? None but have sworn to observe our laws, and to hold sacred the laws of Lutetia?"

"I have sworn nothing!" shouted St. Marcel, in the midst of the pause that succeeded this allocution; "I acknowledge no laws save those of his most Christian Majesty, Louis Quatorze; and as for keeping the secrets of Lutetia, I have better to do before you divulge them, for if they are against the duty I owe to the laws of my country, I warn you beforehand not to let me into them; for no oath shall bind me to keep them sacred."

There was something so manly and open in this avowal, that from every side burst fresh cries of,

"St. Marcel for ever! Our emperor and Lutetia for ever! Hurra! hurra!"

The object of this compliment meanwhile looked around him in the utmost astonishment, vainly attempting to arrive at the reason of the uproar; Jacques perceived his embarrassment, and once more making himself heard, exclaimed:

"Friends, brother Lutetians, this is well! St. Marcel," continued he, next addressing that individual, "thou seest that we can appreciate a noble spirit. I am thy sponsor here, and will answer to our friends for thy secrecy. Know that we break no established laws—we uphold them; therefore fear not."

"I am satisfied, 'sieur Jacques," responded St. Marcel, resuming his seat, and looking forward with some anxiety to the issue of these preliminaries:

"Are there none here but good and true Lutetians?" once more asked the spy; "none but have sworn to observe our laws, and to hold sacred the secrets of Lutetia?"

A dead silence succeeded.

"Then, friends, the sign," resumed the emperor.

Here the fraternity of spies, dividing themselves into sections of three, joined hands in a peculiar manner, and whispering, exchanged certain words constituting their secret token of recognition, which ceremony concluded, they resumed their former position.

There was something imposing in the character of this scene, in the determined silence of that body of men, congregated beneath the very foundations of a large metropolis—there, in that ancient palace, the ruins of a former age, in the heart of the city, erewhile belonging to the Caesars of Gaul, which failed not to produce a deep impression upon St. Marcel.

Upon a sign from Jacques, Democritus, assisted by one of his companions, proceeded to clear the table that stood in the middle of the hall; whilst a third, placing at the head thereof a small raised platform, surmounted it with the old carved chair; the spy then seated himself on the throne thus raised, and selecting twelve of the assembled members, these took up their position at the table before him, their companions resuming their respective seats.

"In the name of his most Christian Majesty, Louis Quatorze," said he, in a clear and distinct voice, "I, Julian, elected emperor of the Lutetians, do now call a council for the consideration of the affairs of our state."

"Vive le Grande Monarque! Lutetia for ever!" once more echoed through the ancient halls.

As this sentiment was perfectly loyal, St. Marcel responded to it with an earnestness that fairly rivaled that of his companions; for which demonstration he was immediately rewarded by a look of encouragement from Democritus.

"Fort de Bras," exclaimed Jacques, calling to a short, powerful, square-set man habited in a smith's apron, dark gray breeches, blue striped stockings and heavy shoes with high heels and buckles, and who had taken up his position in a remote corner, where he had hitherto remained unobserved.

"That's Vulcan," whispered Democritus to his friend, pointing to the individual so designated, as he advanced towards the throne; "the Emperor calls him Fort de Bras because of his strength; he'll tell you an ox with a single blow of his fist."

"He is a smith, if I mistake not," remarked St. Marcel.

"Yes," replied the philosopher; "his forge is in the Rue St. Antoine, not far from the Bastille."

"Well, Fort de Bras," said Jacques; "so thou wast sent for yesterday by St. Marc?"

"Yes," responded Vulcan, doffing his cap; "and for a job that'll turn out hard enough upon somebody or other, I warrant!"

"Another secret closet?" asked the emperor.

"Why, there was something in that way," resumed the other; "but I wasn't sent for to make another—only to alter the spring of the old one, that's all!"

"But thou didst not do it?" observed Jacques, rather surprised, and marvelling at his recent escape.

"How dost thou know that?" quickly responded Vulcan. "For, as thou sayest, I didn't do it, because I had to make a new one, which won't be ready till to-morrow."

"Let me see thee after 'tis fixed, Fort de Bras; I shall have word or two to say to thee upon this matter. What else didst thou do?"

"All?" observed that individual with emphasis. "Yes! Only to think that I, Jean Bourlique," continued he, in a lower tone, as though he were soliloquizing, "should ever come to the torture!"

The emperor repeated the smith's last words with astonishment, which the latter observing, said,

"Yes, the torture! Isn't it as bad—leaving one's hand to a devil's invention like that? And then to think that it's put a poor fellow creature into—that's the worst of it! However—" he did not end the sentence, but the jerk of the head that accompanied it intimated his having attempted to ease his conscience at the expense of St. Marc's credulity.

Again Jacques repeated the last word, adding "What?" thereto, with a view to induce the smith to continue his narration.

"Why?" resumed Bourlique, "if the poor devil that's confined in it don't find a way to get out and in as he pleases, it's not my fault, that's all!"

"There's a man for thee, whispered Democritus to St. Marcel; "a human heart shut up in an anvil. Here's long life to him!"

This sentiment was honored by an appeal to the pitcher, in which St. Marcel joined.

"What reward did St. Marc promise thee, Fort de Bras?" demanded the emperor, "for this handiwork of thine?"

"Twenty crowns when I had completed t'other job, and to shut me up in a cage for a twelvemonth if I didn't hold my tongue; that's all."

"I'll double the sum, friend Fort de Bras," responded Jacques, with an approving nod, and tendering the hand to the honest artisan.

"If I could think the cage would ever serve St. Marc," observed the latter, "I'd put in an extra spike at bottom besides a few at top; the devil's own invention it is," saying which he returned to his seat, amidst the greetings of his comrades.

"Sampson le Gros," exclaimed the spy, calling to a second individual, the emperor for this handiwork of thine."

"Twenty crowns when I had completed t'other job, and to shut me up in a cage for a twelvemonth if I didn't hold my tongue; that's all."

"I'll double the sum, friend Fort de Bras," responded Jacques, with an approving nod, and tendering the hand to the honest artisan.

"Hum! that's fortunat," Jacques muttered. The soldier continued:

"Tain't against orders to tell what one sees and hears, says I to myself; and so, as soon as the lieutenant was gone, I made the best of my way to Paris."

"Thou shalt receive ten crowns for thy information," said the spy; "hast thou anything more to add?"

"You have it all, colonel," responded the man, making the military salute.

At the mention of this name, the spy became visibly excited; but as though desirous of concealing his emotion, he immediately banished the frown from his brow, at the same time signifying his wish that the soldier should go on.

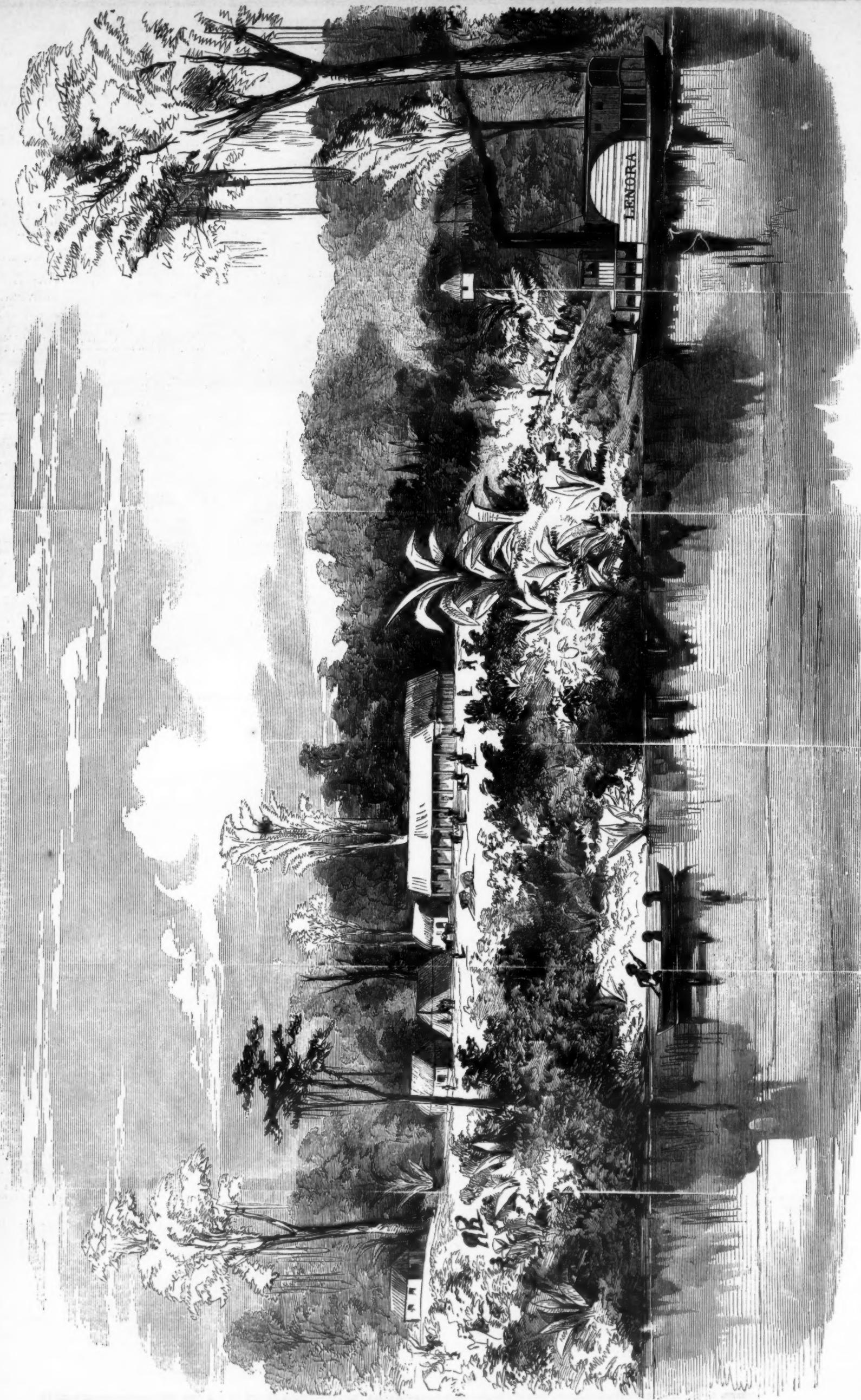
"As soon as they were drawn up," said he, "Monsieur D'Argenson re-

turns the letter to the courier, and giving him a louis to drink his majesty's health on the road, dismisses him; but when his back was turned, he tells the captain to post two men on the Versailles road, to watch there for a coach with a capuchin inside, and which would pass through St. Cloud next day at noon."

"Two men?" observed Jacques.

"Aye, colonel; with a lieutenant; and they are to arrest the capuchin, and then to let monseigneur know o' it."

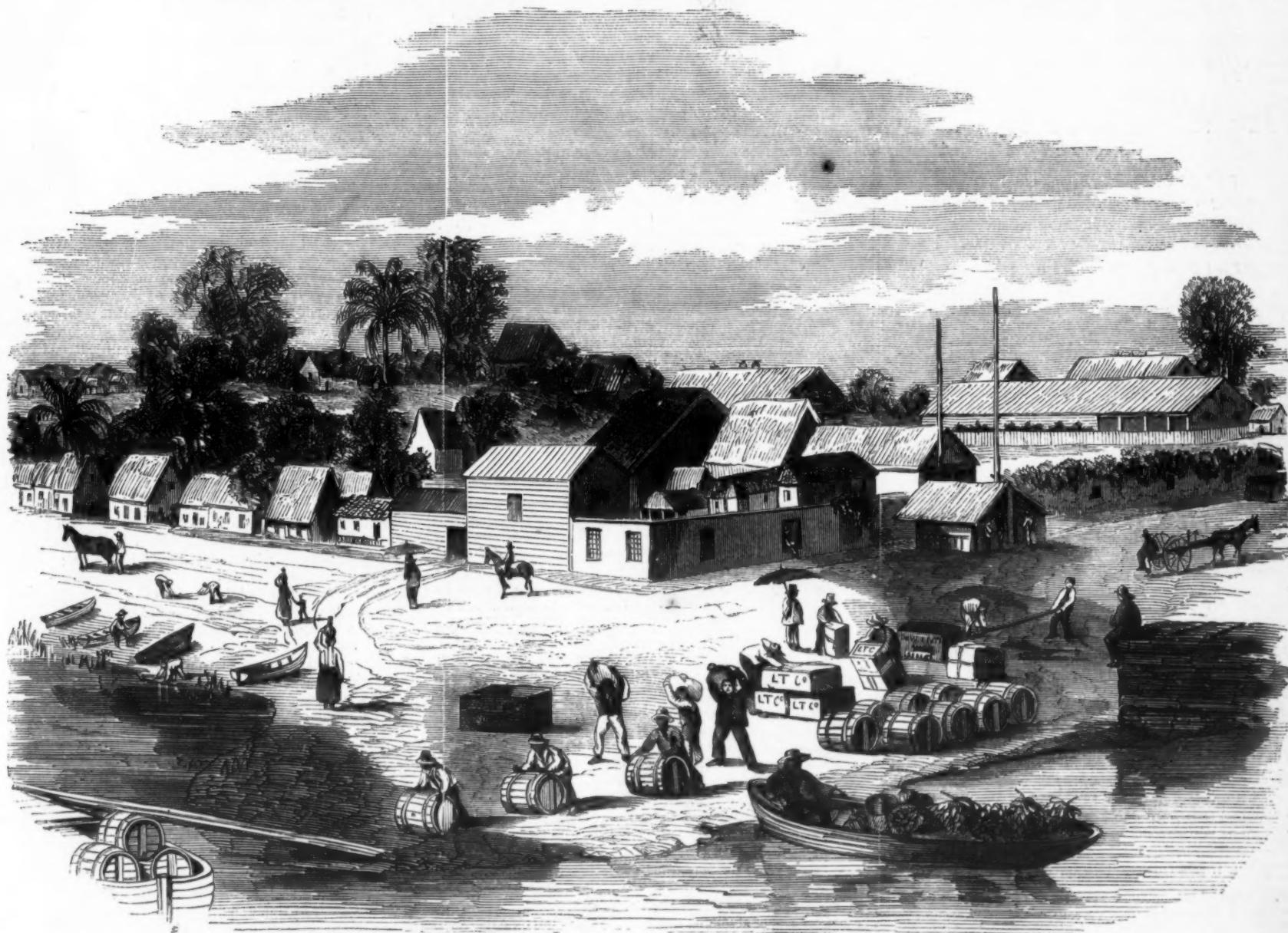
"Good," replied the spy; "are



OPENING OF THE TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE—THE TOWN OF SUCHIL, ON THE COATZACOALCOS RIVER, MEXICO—STARTING OF THE ENGINEERS TO COMMENCE THE ROAD—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.—See Page 26.



OPENING OF THE TRANSIT ROUTE—CAMPING GROUND OF EMPLOYEES OF THE TEHUANTEPEC COMPANY, NEAR MINATITLAN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.—SEE PAGE 28.



OPENING OF THE TRANSIT ROUTE—MINATITLAN, ON THE COATZACOALCOS RIVER—LOADING FREIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.—SEE PAGE 28.

## THE GREATEST WEEKLY YET!

Frank Leslie's New Paper,  
Entitled,

## The Stars &amp; Stripes

Will shortly be published, the first Number of a new and beautiful Family Weekly Paper.

**Frank Leslie** - - - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

This new Paper will be entirely distinct from Frank Leslie's other popular and widely-circulated publications.

The plan of Leslie's New Paper,

## THE STARS AND STRIPES,

will contain all the

POPULAR FEATURES  
which naturally belong to a

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY PAPER.

Its contents will be of the most

VARIED CHARACTER;

To insure which, and to make it the

MODEL PAPER OF AMERICA,

engagements have been entered into with some of the most

POPULAR AND EMINENT WRITERS

in the various walks of Literature, such as

Tales of Fiction, Poetry, Romance  
of History, Adventures by  
Sea and Land:

TOWN TALK,

By John Brougham;

THE SPECTATOR,

By Doesticks;

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER,

By Pierce Pungent;

ROSE LEAVES,

By Minnie Mayflower;

EDITORIALS ON LEADING HOME TOPICS;

FRENCH FLOATING S-BY;

The Ladies' Department;

together with MANY COLUMNS of varied and popular subjects of

UNIVERSAL INTEREST,

by Authors selected for their eminence in their several departments.

FRANK LESLIE has the pleasure to announce that the leading Original Story commenced in the First Number has been written especially for

## The Stars &amp; Stripes

by

FITZJAMES O'BRIEN, ESQ.,

(Author of "THE DIAMOND LENS," &c., &c.,) entitled,

## THE RED PETTICOAT:

A Tale of the Great Panic;

which, in thrilling and startling interest—human, real life interest—has rarely been equalled and never excelled. As a work of literary merit, it is worthy the scholarly reputation and the brilliant imagination of the distinguished author.

The leading Tales or Romances, and the Adventures, will be

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

by spirited and elaborate

ORIGINAL DESIGNS

from the Pencils of

Our Best Artists.

## THE STARS AND STRIPES

will contain, in its

SIXTEEN LARGE PAGES,

more matter than in any other Paper published. It will be printed on the

VERY FINEST PAPER, FROM NEW TYPE,

made expressly for the Purpose.

**FRANK LESLIE**,  
surrounded by

A Galaxy of Talent,

will present to the American Public

A Family Literary Paper  
that cannot

Be Excelled in the World.

PRICE - - - - FOUR CENTS WEEKLY.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:

1 copy, one year (in advance)	-	-	\$ 2 00
2 copies "	-	-	3 00
4 copies "	-	-	6 00
8 copies "	-	-	12 00
Cubes of ten, with extra copy "	-	-	15 00

Subscriptions will be received for either or 6 months.

L A U R A K E E N E ' S T H E A T R E , 624 B R O A D W A Y , N E A R  
H O U S T O N S T R E E T .  
T H E M O S T E L E G A N T P L A C E O F A M U S E M E N T I N T H E C I T Y .  
T h e e n t e r t a i n m e n t s a r e u n i v e r s a l l y a c k o w n e d g e d t o b e o f t h e m o s t c h a s t e  
c h a r a c t e r , b e i n g s u s t a i n e d b y a  
S T R O N G S T A R C O M P A N Y .  
M R . B L A K E , M R . J E F F E R S O N ,  
M R . C O U L D O C K , M R . W A L C O T ,  
M R . S O T H E R N , M R . P E T E R S ,  
M R . B U R N E I T , M I S S S A R A S T E V E N S ,  
M R . B L A K E , M I S S M A R I O N M A C A R T H Y ,  
A n d M I S S L A U R A K E E N E .  
A d m i s s i o n , F i f t y a n d T w e n t y - f i v e C e n t s .

W A L L A C K ' S T H E A T R E . — J . W . W A L L A C K , L E S S E R . —  
G r a n d R e o p e n i n g o f t h i s b e a u t i f u l T e m p l e o f t h e D r a m a ,  
w i t h a c o m p a n y u n p a r s e d f o r e x c e l l e n c e , c o m p r i s i n g n e a r l y a l l t h e o l d  
f a v o r i t e s o f t h i s e s t a b l i s h m e n t :  
J A M E S W . W A L L A C K , J . L E S T E R W A L L A C K ,  
J O H N B R O U G H A M , M R . V E R N O N .  
M R . H O E Y ,  
M R . V E R N O N .  
P R I C E S O F A D M I S S I O N — B o x e s a n d P a r q u e t t e , 5 0 c e n t s ; F a m i l y C i r c l e , 2 5 c e n t s ;  
O r c h e s t r a c h a i r s , \$ 1 .

B A R N U M ' S A M E R I C A N M U S E U M . — S O M E T H I N G E N T I R E L Y  
N E W !  
Z A V I S T O W S K I P A N T O M I M E A N D B A L E T T R O U P E .  
T W E N T Y B E A U T I F U L A N D T A L E N T E D C H I L D R E N .  
E v e r y A f t e r n o o n a n d E v e n i n g a t 3 a n d a t 7 1 / 2 o ' c l o c k d u r i n g t h e w e e k .  
A l s o , t h e G R A N D A Q U A R I L A , o r O c e a n a n d R i v e r G a r d e n s ; L i v i n g S e r p e n t s ,  
S a p p y F a m i l y , &c. &c.  
A d m i s s i o n s , 2 5 c e n t s ; C h i l d r e n u n d e r t e n , 1 2 c e n t s .

F A I R O F T H E A M E R I C A N U N I O N , f o r t h e r e p r e s e n t a t i o n  
o f A g r i c u l t u r e , H o r t i c u l t u r e , C o m m e r c e , I n v e n t i o n , M a n u f a c t u r e s , M e-  
m a n u f a c t u r e s , t h e S c i e n c e s a n d F i n e A r t s ,  
A T N o . 6 2 0 B R O A D W A Y .  
T h e a b o v e s p a c i o u s a n d e l a g a n t b u i l d i n g , s e l e c t e d b y t h e B o a r d o f M a n a g e r s ,  
i s n o w o p e n f o r t h e r e c e p t i o n o f a r t i c l e s f o r e x h i b i t i o n . G o o d s t o b e d e l i v e r e d  
a t t h e C r o s s b r e e s t e n t r a n c e , w h e r e t h e R e c e p t i o n C o m m i t t e e w i l l b e i n a t-  
t e n d a n c e . T h e E n t r y C l e a k w i l l g i v e r e c e i p t s , t i c k e t s , &c. B y o r d e r o f t h e B o a r d  
o f M a n a g e r s . H E N R Y W I N F I E L D , V i c e-P r e s i d e n t .  
A U G . H . W H E E L E R , S e c r e t a r y . 0 0 0

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

N E W Y O R K , D E C E M B E R 11, 1858.

J u s t P u b l i s h e d ,

## FRANK LESLIE'S GREAT COMIC MONTHLY

O n e H u n d r e d T h o u s a n d C o p i e s O r d e r e d i n A d v a n c e :

T h e G r e a t e s t C o m i c P a p e r i n t h e W o r l d .

F R A N K L E S L I E ' S

## B u d g e t o f F u n ,

F u l l o f I l l u s t r a t i o n s a n d C o m i c R e a d i n g M a t t e r .

I T W I L L C O N T A I N a m o n g o t h e r s , t h e f o l l o w i n g H u m o r o u s  
E n g r a v i n g s :

1. Frank Leslie and his Aids Breaking Up a Disorderly Swill Cow Dance House.
2. The Cockney in America, five illustrations.
3. How to Begin the New Year, nine illustrations.
4. A Night in New York, three illustrations.
5. Mr. Pickles Receiving a Deputation.
6. The Operaman.
7. Mr. Extraord's Fix.
8. The Butcher's Suicide.
9. A Day's Adventure with a Female Skeleton, four illustrations.
10. Truth and Fiction, two illustrations.
11. Delights of Boarding, two illustrations.
12. The Youthful Artist.
13. Hoops in the Kitchen.
14. Dangers of Crinoline, three illustrations.
15. Lavender's Mishap.
16. How to Wake Biddy.
17. No Institution.
18. Our Artist's Visit to the East, seventeen illustrations.
19. How Mr. Brown Rang his Bell, three illustrations.
20. Drawing the Dogs.
21. Mr. Grumby and his Landladies, two illustrations.
22. Fitzspooner's Morality.
23. Nursemaid's Discovery.
24. The Desperate Swell.
25. Mr. Greenfield's Adventures in New York.
26. How to Walk with your Wife, two illustrations.
27. Boggles' Misery, two illustrations.
28. The Photographer Perplexed.
29. The Lost Found.
30. Our Adopted Citizen.
31. The Furious Huglinian.
32. The Democratic Chimney Sweep.
33. The Broth of a Boy.
34. The Infant Prodigy.
35. Correcting the Weather.
36. Revolt of the Aquarium.
37. Borrowing the Baby, two illustrations.
38. Black Republican Policeman at the Lottery Follies.
39. Uilmor's Osnlaught.
40. The Great Cat Epic—a Humorous Poem, with six illustrations.
41. A Grand Caricature, representing the great game of Political Chess, played between Buchanan and Cass on one side and Douglas and Miss Kansas on the other, with admirable likenesses of Forney, Greeley, Bennett, &c., &c., containing very nearly

O N E H U N D R E D S U P E R B W O O D C U T S ,

E m b r a c i n g e v e r y k n o w n S u b j e c t o f P u b l i c I n t e r e s t .

P r i c e o n l y S i x C e n t s .

S i x t e n P a g e s , t h e s a m e S i z e a s L E S L I E ' S ILLUSTRATED PAPER

C l u b T e r m s o f B u d g e t o f F u n :

1 c o p y , o n e y e a r	-	-	\$ 7 5
3 c o p y e s , "	-	-	2 0 0
10 c o p y e s , "	-	-	6 0 0

P o s t a g e , p a y a b l e a t o f f i c e w h e r e r e c e i v e d , 6 c e n t s p e r a n n u m .

## Our Seventh Volume.

O u r l a s t n u m b e r c o m m e n c e d t h e S e v e n t h V o l u m e , a n d w e h a v e  
a f e w w o r d s t o s a y a b o u t o u r p a s t s u c c e s s a n d p r e s e n t p r o s p e c t s .

F i r s t , t o :

## O U R R E A D E R S

w e w o u l d s a y t h a t w e h a v e f u l f i l l e d o u r p r o m i s e s t o p u t f o r w a r d o u r b e s t e n e r g i e s t o m a k e o u r p a p e r w o r t h y o f t h e i r c o n t i n u e d p a t r o n a g e . W e d o n o t a r r o g a t e t o o m u c h t o o u r s e l v e s w h e n w e s a y t h a t t h e S i x V o l u m e s o f t h e ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a l r e a d y i s s u e d g i v e e v i d e n c e o f u n t i r i n g i n d u s t r y , u n f l i n c h i n g e n e r g y a n d a n e n t r e p r i s e t h a t i s o n l y b o u n d e d b y o u r m e a n s , a n d t h e s e , a s t h e r e s u l t p r o v e s , a r e b y n o m e a n s s m a l l . W e h a v e s u c c e s s e d i n t r a n s f e r r i n g t o o u r c o l u m n s e v e r y o c c u r r e n c e w h i c h h a s s i n c e b e c o m e a m a t t e r o f h i s t o r y , a l m o s t a s s o o n a s t h e y t r a n s p i r e d , a n d o u r p a g e s a r e f i l e d w i t h p o r t r a i t s o f o u r e m i n e n t m e n , o u r s p l e n d i d s h i p s a n d o c e a n s t e a m e r s , o u r p u b l i c b u i l d i n g s , n o v e l i n v e n t i o n s , o u r n a t i o n a l u n d e r t a k i n g s , t o g e t h e r w i t h o r i g i n a l s k e t c h e s o f A m e r i c a n s c e n e r y a n d v i e w s f r o m o u r o w n c o r r e s p o n d e n t s i n v a r i o u s p a r t s o f t h e w o r l d .

T h e r e i s n o o t h e r j o u r n a l p u b l i s h e d w h i c h e m b r a c e s s o v a s t a c o n c e p t o f i n f o r m a t i o n a s

of the operators sanction. We admit this to be a powerful agent for speculation, but it might also be made a powerful agent for good.

### The Uncle Pious and the Players.

We are unable to make room for our friend "Joe Bagstock's" remarks upon a very unseemly controversy now raging in the public prints, in which the famous tragedian, Mr. Davidge, is the Benicia Boy, the part of John Morrisey being sustained, with his usual pugnacity, by the Rev. Mr. Strickland, formerly an eminent ornament of the stage. We ourselves are not disposed to adopt the flippant tone assumed by our lively contributor, himself a dramatist and actor, and therefore suggest to both these ultra gentlemen the propriety of moderating their belligerent propensities. Mr. Davidge is in error when he says that the clergy denounce the drama; it is only a few of those "unco righteous" Puritans, since the most eminent of our living divines have long ago acknowledged its power as an organ of morality. Drs. Bellows and Hawks have publicly endorsed its utility, and we think it unfair to the clergy to hold them responsible for the opinions of such gentlemen as Dr. Corey and Strickland, who were once actors themselves, and who, with all the energy of new converts, suffer their zeal to outrun their discretion.

It is distasteful to us, and to all those who reverence our religious institutions, to be told that clergymen have been hanged, or that players deserve to be, and we think that both the tragedian and the Puritan divine descend from the dignity of their respective positions to pelt one another with mud in the public streets.

The pulpit and the stage are equally instruments of civilization, and both can boast names which are an honor to human nature. It is, however, a mistake of Mr. Davidge to class such giants of intellect as Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles and Milton with the modern playwrights. The dramas of the former were grand hymns, teaching obedience to the gods and reverence for virtue, while that trash of the day called original plays are mere debauchers of the public morals. Scenes in which the roué and the spendthrift are universally rewarded with the imaginary affections of the best-looking actress in the company, and where the kicking of an honest but perhaps unreasonable tailor, who has the misfortune to ask for his money, is always received with shouts of applause. We agree with our friend, Joe Bagstock, that the stage has done more to ruin tailors and bootmakers than any other profession, but this is an evil that will wear out, like the boots and breeches themselves.

We dismiss this subject, trusting that both professions will regard each other with more charity.

They are most certainly placed in an unenviable position: one is required always to live, act, talk and walk as though they were inspired undertakers, marching solemnly behind the funeral car of daily life, and deprived, by an unwise and narrow-minded asceticism, of those necessary and consequently innocent recreations which are indispensable to the sound mind and sound body. Without going to the extent of our correspondent, that a clergyman's life would drive him mad in a month, we may admit that it appears to require more gravity and self-denial than is usually bestowed upon man.

Under these circumstances the player should make great allowances for the formality of a Puritan, who considers himself a sort of model to show how beautifully gravity fits, just as dummies are put up in tailors' stores to show off a suit of broadcloth to the best advantage.

On the other hand, this ultra class of the clergy should regard with equal toleration the wear and tear of an actor's life. Hard as it is to affect a gravity we do not feel, it is still harder to assume a gaiety and facetiousness on a moment's notice. It is like Damocles with the sword hanging over his head being told to sing a comic song. How can a man make his audience roar with laughter in the "Toodles," when he knows his Croton is cut off at home, and that the butcher and baker, those Sepoys of life, are in a state of obstinate revolt?

Even if his circumstances are affluent, the strain upon his nervous system is excessive, and requires a stimulant to sustain exhausted nature. It should also never be forgotten that if visiting the theatre consecutively several nights throws a lassitude over our frame, what must not the effects be upon those who perform every night for months in succession?

We conclude by saying to both Puritan and Player, ye are brothers. Each has his part to play in God's drama—human life; and in the words of that great doctor of divinity, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women only players."

So go, Brothers Strickland and Davidge, play a game of leap-frog, get up a healthier circulation in your veins, and discontinue firing paper pellets.

### Important to Billiard Players.

FRANK LESLIE has the pleasure of informing the Billiard Players of the United States, that he has made arrangements with MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq., the acknowledged Billiard Champion of the United States, to edit a column devoted to that noble game, to be published every week in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Each article will be illustrated with diagrams of "new shots" and combinations, and for the special benefit of novices in the game, we shall publish diagrams illustrating the art of playing billiards from the first moment of taking a cue in hand, through all the gradations up to perfection in the art.

We shall commence this popular series of articles for the people immediately, and we invite players in all sections of the country to send us diagrams of remarkable shots and new combinations, which will be submitted to Mr. Phelan, and if approved, published.

### Passing Notices.

A BEAUTIFUL NEW PRESS.—The new press just built for Frank Leslie by Mr. Andrew Campbell, 43 Centre street, is, beyond a doubt, one of the most desirable and thoroughly excellent presses yet built. It works to a marvel; it is solid and durable; and it has mechanical conveniences which must render it acceptable to every printer. The inking apparatus is undoubtedly more perfect than any now in existence. The fly, by merely altering an index point, is instantly adapted to suit any size of sheet. This is a con-

venience which printers will at once recognize. The spring is also entirely new. Mr. Campbell has made a great hit in this new press, and we call the attention of all interested in the subject to this triumph of mechanical ingenuity.

**AN IRON POLICE.**—Whole pages of the police books of our city are daily filled with the details of burglaries, and the morning papers recently announced no less than eleven of these outrages committed in New York and Brooklyn in one night. It is customary, but hardly fair, considering the inadequacy of the force to the duties devolved upon it, to attribute the frequency of house and store robberies to want of vigilance on the part of the police. Eleven hundred policemen, even supposing them to be models of efficiency, cannot properly guard the large area upon which this city stands; and yet how can we, with any show of consistency, demand an augmentation of the force when seven-eighths of us neglect to adopt the most obvious means of self-protection, nay, almost offer a premium to felony by leaving our goods and chattels with no better safeguards than locks which may be picked with a bent nail, or of which impressions may be taken by any loafer who comes to our doors under pretence of soliciting work or of asking charity? For thus leaving our property at the mercy of robbers there is no excuse whatever. We have seen, within a day or two, at Valentine & Butler's, 337 Broadway, a patent rotary lock, which we are satisfied is invulnerable to thieves. It can neither be blasted with powder, picked, nor cut, is opened by the pressure of a key scarcely heavier than a dime, is handsome in appearance, moderate in price, and in all respects, as far as we can judge, the best door lock ever invented. With one of these locks on each outer door, and all the valuables of the household enclosed in one of Valentine & Butler's Patent Fire and Burglar Proof Family Safes, a householder may consider himself under the guardianship of an iron police, as capable of resisting burglars and incendiaries as it is inaccessible to bribery and corruption. We have used this lock for some time, and find that it comes up to all its promises, and we consider it by far the safest lock yet invented and a jewel to a street or other door.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND" is the title of a new musical weekly publication, issued by Seymour & Co., 13 Frankfort street. This is intended for a cheap publication, and it fulfills its intention, as we shall show. In the first place, it is only ten cents per number of sixteen pages, full music sheet size, and contains and will contain piano forte solos, duets, songs, operatic arias, polkas, mazourkas, quadrilles, waltzes, and every other species of music for voice and piano. The paper is excellent, the type large and clear, and the price only ten cents.

The publication states that, "By subscribing to 'Our Musical Friend,' an accumulation of new and fashionable music will be obtained, which could not in any other way be procured without an expenditure of at least two hundred dollars." This is a chance which our readers should not neglect. The contents of No. 1 are selections from "Don Giovanni," for piano; Irish song, "I'm not Myself at All," S. Lover; and the Wallenstein polka.

**OPENING OF GURNEY'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC AND FINE ART GALLERY.**—Mr. Gurney, who is one of our oldest and most eminent Daguerreotype and Photographic Artists, has opened a new and splendid suite of rooms at No. 707 Broadway, one block below the New York Hotel. This, his new establishment, is really magnificent in all its appointments and details, and extensive as it is, it is not a whit too large for the enormous business which he is at present doing. Mr. Gurney's fame is wide spread, and his Gallery is sought after by strangers from every section of the country. His work is always admirably artistic, and, indeed, it is hard to conceive anything finer than the Photographs or Daguerreotypes executed at Gurney's establishment.

Our readers should visit Mr. J. Gurney's New Rooms, Reception Room, Exhibition Gallery, Daguerreotype Operating Rooms, Photograph Operating Rooms, Artist's Studio of Oil Paintings and Pastel Studio. It is an establishment well worth seeing, and will surely become the headquarters of fashion and business. The evening previous to the opening of the Gallery was the occasion of a pleasant gathering of Mr. Gurney's friends.

**THE RANNEY EXHIBITION.**—We are glad to record that the leading artists of New York have contributed each an original painting to be exhibited at the National Academy of Design, toward raising a fund for Mrs. Ranney, the widow of the well-known artist, and her fatherless children. These, added to Mr. Ranney's own paintings, will form a most interesting gallery of about two hundred and fifty pictures, and as every artist of note has generously contributed one specimen of his style, it will be one of the most attractive exhibitions of the season. As it will only last two weeks, we advise every lover of the fine arts to pay it an immediate visit. At the close of the exhibition the whole will be sold for the benefit of Mrs. Ranney and her family. That admirable artist and kind-hearted man, Charles L. Elliott, has been very earnest in this good work; indeed, all have nobly come forward.

### LITERATURE.

**The Chronicles of the Bastile.** Illustrated. New York: Stanford & Deller, 508 Broadway.

This most remarkable book presents, probably, the most correct and vivid picture yet portrayed by pen of the times and characters of the reign of the French monarchs, from Louis XIV. to Louis XVI. and the Reign of Terror, when rapine, murder and every species of crime ran riot in the streets of Paris and throughout the entire kingdom. With the period thus embraced, the Bastile, that prison of terror and horrors, was so intimately connected, that it may be said to have been one of the chief actors in the drama of the times, and its destruction was the finale to the first act in the bloody tragedy which followed the event.

The author has interwoven a life romance with the historical facts of the period, and has, by the aid of a cleverly managed mystery, worked out a tale of singular interest and thrilling excitement. The private history, the sorrows and persecutions of the fictitious personages, arrest the attention and absorb the sympathy of the reader, while the real characters and the startling acts of that eventful period impart a verisimilitude to the whole story that fascinates the imagination, and keeps the curiosity and excitement unflagging until the "Chronicles of the Bastile."

The description of Old Paris is admirably faithful, and the whole structure of the terrible Bastile is made clear to all, both by description and by illustration. The reader, indeed, cannot fail to become perfectly familiar with the exterior and interior of this famous instrument of revenge and wrong, in the hands of the tyrant despots of France and their unscrupulous tools. The organizations, the secret societies and clubs, which then rise all over the country, but more especially in Paris, are made to play their part in the great drama, in which also the notorious fraternity of the *Laurens* performed no insignificant rôle.

In every way the "Chronicles of the Bastile" is a remarkable book; it is equally a romance and a history, and cannot fail to create a great excitement, and command a vast sale and corresponding popularity. Its reputation in our columns has proved highly acceptable to our reader, and will in each succeeding chapter the interest deepens and increases. The book is illustrated by a large number of spirited and characteristic engravings, which add not a little to its interest. It is powerfully and eloquently written, and with that attention to detail which is so necessary to a clear understanding of the characters and manners of past century. To all who admire the real and the fictitious in their most remarkable developments, we cordially commend the "Chronicles of the Bastile."

**The Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick, Esq.—Together with his Opinion on Matrimony.** By Judge HALIBURTON. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann street.

The reputation of the works of Judge Halliburton is so world-wide, that nothing more is needed than to announce the fact of another book by him and to give the title. The public will take note and purchase. "Sam Slick" has become a sort of household word, and in his quaint anecdotes and peculiar sayings there is a world of practical good sense and wisdom, both morally and

politically. The book before us is equal to the best of the *Slick* sayings, containing a fund of amusement which always cleverly involves a moral, pointed and unmistakable. It will doubtless be widely read, and will take its place in every library beside the kindly works from the pen of Judge Halliburton.

**Oriental Tales of Fairy Land.** New York: Stanford & Deller, 508 Broadway.

This little volume contains some thirty pleasant and amusing tales, written in the Oriental style, combining the interest of the marvellous and the supernatural with a high moral purpose—presenting to the reader at once romances and reality—delighting the imagination and touching the heart. They are, in fact, a series of moral illustrations on various subjects, worked up into such pleasing forms that those who have a confirmed dislike to lectures in any form swallow these with as pleasurable a sensation as the child does the sugar-coated pill. They may be read with profit and pleasure by the young and the old. The "Oriental Tales of Fairy Land" will be an acceptable Christmas present or New Year's souvenir. It is illustrated by wood engravings.

### MUSIC.

**Piccolomini in Lucrezia Borgia.**—It needs only to see Piccolomini in such characters as Lucrezia Borgia, to form a just estimate of her genius. Physically she is unfitted for such parts, both in stature and in voice, but her genius overcomes all difficulties, and her conception of the character rises most into sublimity from the intense earnestness of her nature. It is true she does not sing the music as it is written—that she substitutes effective cadences which she can do for those which she cannot do—that her passion is muted and blotted out in whispers instead of shouted at the top of her voice, and still for all this, Piccolomini's Lucrezia is a representation of high artistic ability, and adds to her well-earned reputation.

The less said about the rest of the opera the better. Ghioni was unfitted for the contralto part of Orsini, Tamaro was sick, and Formes admirable but in parts.

This evening (Wednesday), is the last appearance of Piccolomini, with the exception of Monday next, when she takes her first and farewell benefit. She will have an overflowing demonstration.

### DRAMA.

**Laura Keene's Theatre.**—The "Midsummer Night's Dream" is in preparation, and will be produced in a style of unexampled magnificence. In the meantime, "Our American Cousin" fills the house.

**Wallack's Theatre.**—"Going to the Bad" and "Blue and Cherry" have been performed here every night to crowded houses. The "Merchant of Venice" is in preparation, in an unusual style of splendor. It will be performed as written by Shakespeare.

**Barnum's Museum.**—The entertainments here comprise a variety seldom equalled even at this model of amusement. The advertisement will, however, supply the particulars.

### COUNT MONTALEMBERT AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The great European event of the day is the prosecution of Count Montalembert by the French Government. As it is not impossible this event may lead to the most important consequences, we give a synopsis of its cause. The Count wrote an article on India and England, which was published in the *Correspondant*. This attracted so much attention that the Emperor resolved on seizing the journal, and on prosecuting the Count and his publisher. A few sentences extracted from the article will give our readers a fair idea of its general tenor. The Count, while giving vent to the just indignation so properly excited by the excessive severity of the punishments which the English inflict on the conquered insurgents and prisoners, "pays some very high compliments to the free institutions of Britain, drawing very unfavorable comparisons with France. He says:

"When my ears are dinned sometimes with the buzz of the antechamber chroniclers, sometimes with the clamor of fanatics who believe themselves to be our masters, and of hypocrites who fancy us their dupes; when I feel stifled beneath the weight of an atmosphere loaded with servile and corrupted effluvia, I hasten away to breathe a purer air, and take a life-bath in free England. The last time I gave myself this consolation, chance served me well; I alighted in the very midst of one of those great and glorious contests where all the resources of intelligence, and all the movements of a great people's conscience, play their part; where the greatest problems that can agitate a nation no longer in tutelage are proposed for solution in the broad face of day, by the agency of powerful intellects; where men and things, parties and individuals, orators and writers, the depositories of power and the organs of opinion, are called upon to reproduce in the heart of a new Rome the picture once traced by a Roman, and still inspired with emotions of the Forum: 'Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate, noctes atque dies nisi præstante labore, ad summam emergere opes rerumque potiri.' At these words I see from this distance how certain brows become overcast, and how that repugnance is depicted on them with which the followers of the fashion of the day are animated towards everything having the semblance of a souvenir, or a regret for a past political life."

In another passage, after attending a Parliamentary debate on India, he says:

"I came forth from this august spectacle full of emotion, as might any man who looks to a Government as something above a lacquey's waiting-room, and who seeks in a civilised nation something better than a flock of sheep only fit for the shears, or to be led to nibble in silence under the shadow of an energizing security."

Here we have French and English policy contrasted:

"It would be the acme of unreason and injustice were we to regard England as the only guilty nation, or as the guiltiest among the nations of the earth. Her policy is neither more egotistical nor more immoral than that of other great States of ancient and modern history. I believe it would even be possible to prove a thesis just the reverse. It is not charity, but well-ordered justice, that begins at home, and upon this ground no French publicist has a right to fall foul of England's policy before he has stated his opinion of the crimes committed by French policy during the Revolution and the Empire, and not such as its adversaries represent it, but such as its apologists describe it—M. Thiers, for instance. You may search among the most suspected dark corners of English diplomacy, but in vain, for you will find nothing there to resemble, even remotely, the destruction of the Republic of Venice or the murderous ambuscades of Bayonne."

Then contrasting the colonial policy of England in both hemispheres with that of Spain, M. de Montalembert says:

"Does not history cry out to her with a voice of thunder—Cain what hast thou done with thy brother? What hast thou done with the inheritance of Columbus confided to thy care? What has Portugal done with the rich reversion of Albuquerque? Go gauge the depth of her decrepitude at Goa! You will there find what are the final fruits of absolute Government in the colonies as well as in the respective mother countries."

All throughout the count labors the ignoble scribes "who interlard visions of the Virgin with scurrilous invectives against the grandeur of Great Britain." And, "returning to France," says he,

"I find in *L'Univers*, 23d of May, 1858, Parliamentary Government styled a farce, with scenic decorations. Happy country and happy clergy, whose organ gives such sound information in such decorous physiognomy!"

The editor of the journal and the author of the article are accused of an attack on the principle of Universal Suffrage, and on the rights and authority which the Emperor holds from the constitution; of an attack upon the respect due to the laws; of endeavoring to stir up contempt of the Emperor's Government; of having endeavored to disturb the public peace by exciting the citizens to mutual hatred and contempt; crimes provided against and punished by the Articles 1, 4 and 7 of the Decree of August 11, 1848, by 1 and 3 of the Law of July 27, 1849.

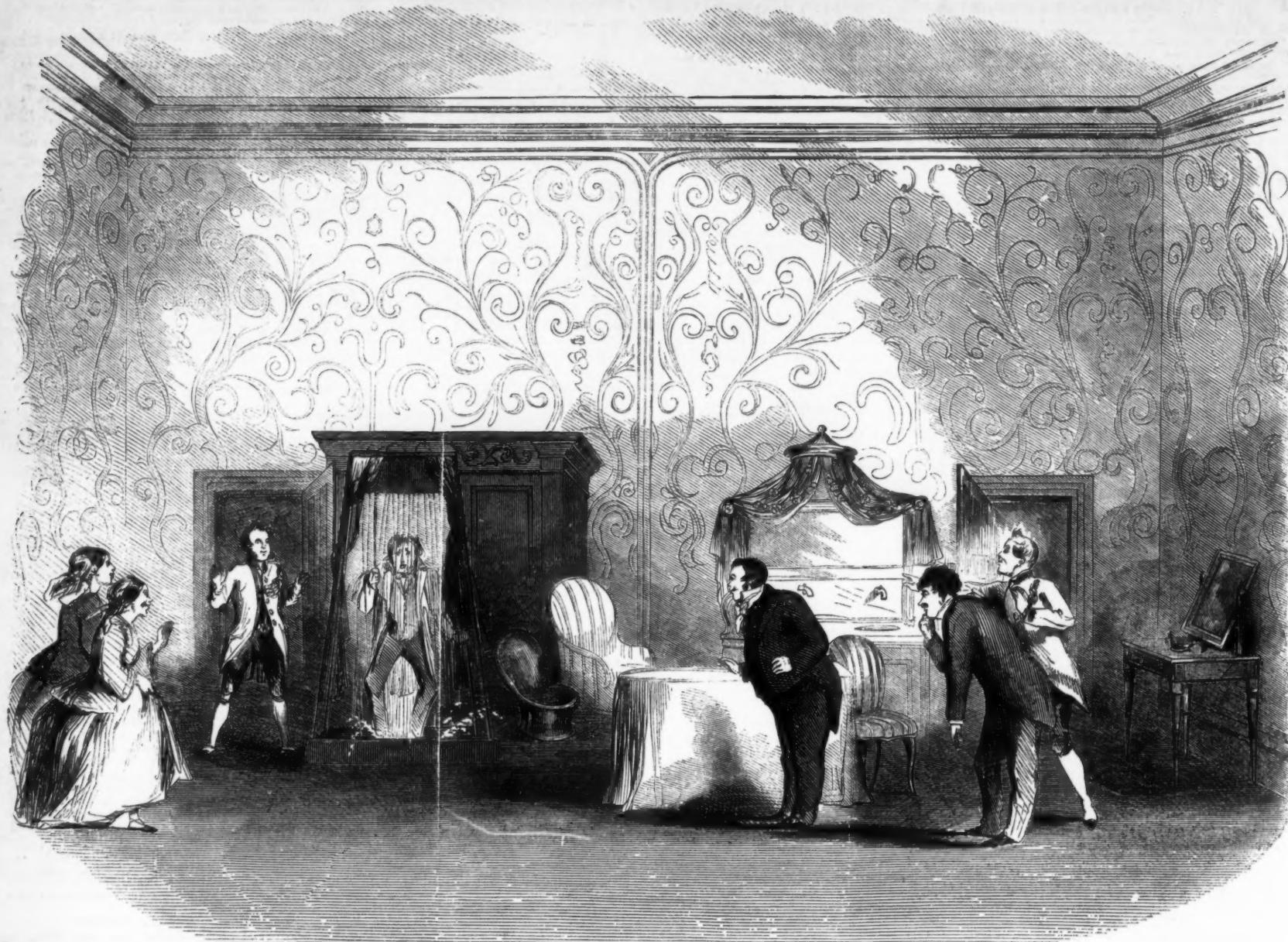
**A Country School Teacher.** preparing for an exhibition of his school selected a class of pupils, and wrote down the questions, and answers to the questions, which he would put to them on examination day. The day came and so came the young hopefuls, all but one. The pupils took their places, as had been arranged, and all went on glibly until the question came for the absent, when the teacher asked,

"In whom do you believe?"

"Napoleon Bonaparte"

"You believe in the Holy Catholic Church, do you not?"

"No," said the pupil, amid roars of laughter, "the boy who believes in the church hasn't come to school to-day; he is at home sick bed."



SCENE FROM "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN," THE NEW PLAY AT LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE. TABLEAU, END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## SCENES FROM "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN."

This lively play, by Tom Taylor, has had a prodigious run at Laura Keene's Theatre, and is still played to crowded houses. The humor of the play lies in the adventures of a young down-easter, Asa Trenchard, who visits England for the purpose of making the acquaintance of certain cousins of his, when the scrapes he falls into are mirth-provoking beyond power of human resistance. On reaching the residence of his cousin, Sir Edward Trenchard, he throws Binney, the butler, into ecstacies of horror by his familiarity and slang, shocks or amuses the world of fashion by his breaches of etiquette, and brings the whole establishment to his room by his shouts on entering a shower bath and pulling the string—which feat he performs under the impression that he is going to ring the bell. Of course he falls in love with his cousin, Florence Trenchard (Miss Laura Keene), who has an admirer in the person of Lord Dundreary (Mr. Sothern), who is much given to sneezing, a pastime in which he takes excessive delight, and of course—but we do not propose to tell the story of the play. The character of Asa Trenchard is admirably performed by Mr. Jefferson.

## THE TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE.

This Transit Route across the Central American Isthmus having been successfully opened, and attracting much attention from the public of the United States, we are pleased to be able to lay



SCENE FROM "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN." MISS FLORA TRENCHARD AND LORD LUNDREARY.

before our readers illustrations of the various points upon the route, from sketches drawn on the spot expressly for this paper.

The Transit Route commences at the little town of Suchil, one hundred and twenty miles up the Coatzacoalcos River, from which place a carriage road is made to Ventosa, a point on the Pacific coast, some fifteen miles from the city of Tehuantepec. The steamers from New Orleans ascend the Coatzacoalcos as far as Minatitlan, a little town some twenty miles from its mouth, and there the freights and passengers are transferred to a steamer of lesser draught, which takes them the rest of the way to Suchil.

Our correspondent writes: I send you a view of our first camping ground since leaving New York in the barque Rapid, Captain Marchebalk, which carried out the first detachment of laborers, engineers, &c., from New York in July last. The camp was situated about one half mile east of Minatitlan, on a ridge which has been selected as the site of a new town. It was a beautiful and airy spot, surrounded by a grove of mango, orange and lemon trees, but its *agréments* were sadly interfered with by the clouds of mosquitoes, which attacked us the moment that we were settled there. The men in camp suffered greatly, their hands and faces were swollen by the bites of these ravenous *redadores*, or vagabonds, as the natives call them; but I was one of the lucky few who were provided with mosquito bars, and so escaped all but their ceaseless hum.

The first tent on the left was my quarters, and is called the Commissary's Tent. The next was occupied by Mr. Carey, and the third by Mr. Hyatt all from New York city. About one hundred and sixty New Yorkers were located at this camp, where we remained five days, before going up the river.

Close by our camp was the town or village of Minatitlan, which forms the head of navigation on the Coatzacoalcos for vessels of large draught. Like all small towns in Mexico, it is principally composed of Indian huts, built of bamboo and thatched with palm leaves. There are no prominent buildings in the town but a long wall which you will see in front is the foundation for a store to be built by the firm of Welch & Allen, of whom the latter is United States Consul here. The two flagstaffs on the right are American, and that on the left belongs to the Mexican Custom House. The long building on the right belongs to a wealthy French lady (now in the United States), who owns the "white town" and territory for several miles around. The wooden building at the end of the wall on the left is the depot of the La Tehuantepec Company. The town is a place of considerable importance commercially, and is rapidly becoming Americanized. The regulations of the Custom House are very unsatisfactory, as exorbitant duties are levied on American merchandise. Calico pays a duty of six and a quarter cents per yard; sheeting four and a half cents, and so with other articles. A paper of pins is sold at retail here for one dollar!

On the 24th of August we left our camping ground, and proceeded up the Coatzacoalcos to Suchil. The Coatzacoalcos is, indeed, a beautiful river, and worthy of the praises bestowed upon it. It runs, for the most part, through a thick, dense forest of mahogany, palm, cypress, cedar, hazel-wood, balsam, cane, &c., &c., all of the most delicate texture, and for the most part so sweetly scented that a constant perfume pervades the air. Lower down towards the mouth the coast is low and apparently marshy, but reclaimed by good levees. The lands, inexhaustibly rich, would be the best for rice and sugar culture in the world. Above the banks are higher, and the country one hard, unbroken savanna, equally rich, and admirably adapted to the growth of the orange, lemon, pineapple, coffee, tobacco, maize, and every other tropical grain and fruit.

The channel of the Coatzacoalcos is, on an average, about two hundred yards in width, with plenty of water, most of the dis-

tance, for common steamboats. It reminds me very much throughout its course, of the Alabama. The time consumed by the passage up is from thirteen to fifteen hours; down, it is made in eight or ten.

Suchil, October 8th.—This is the head of navigation on the Coatzacoalcos, and is situated one hundred and twenty miles from the Gulf of Mexico. It is exclusively an American town. The operations of the La. Tehuantepec Company commence here on land, as the carriage road to Ventosa Bay starts from this point. The long buildings seen in the centre of the drawing are the storehouses of the Company, and that on the extreme left is a hotel, kept by a citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y. The building in the rear is the house of Colonel Pratt, the principal edifice in Suchil.

The distance from this point to Ventosa Bay is one hundred and seventeen miles, and about one hundred miles from the city of Tehuantepec.

The steamer at the bank is the Lenora, a wretched old boat, which was chartered to bring us up from Minatitlan, as the company's steamer, which was expected there for the purpose, was lost on the Campeachy banks. The Lenora is now replaced by the steamer Jessup, from New Orleans.



SCENE FROM "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN." ASA TRENCHARD AND THE BUTLER.

**PARIS AND NEW YORK**  
CLOAKS AND MANTILLAS  
AT 25 PER CENT. BELOW REGULAR PRICES.  
W. B. MACKENZIE respectfully announces that having relinquished the wholesale trade, in consequence of the universally severe losses of last year, and his importations of the season being unusually large, he has determined to give his retail customers the benefit resulting therefrom, by offering them the richest stock of Cloaks in the city, at much below regular wholesale rates, being a reduction of fully twenty-five per cent from the prices of former years.

## SUMPTUOUS VELVET CLOAKS,

WITH RICHEST BROCADE ENSEMBLAGES.

ELEGANT VELVET TALMAS,

EMBROIDERED VELVET TALMAS.

500 PAIRS MADE VELVET CLOAKS, variously trimmed, at from \$50 to \$200.

RICH PLAIN VELVET CLOAKS,

At \$40.

BLACK BEAVER CLOAKS.

BLACK BEAVER CIRCULARS, WITH SLEEVES,

150 ELEGANT PAIRS MADE BEAVER CLOAKS,

From \$18 to \$45.

2,000 New York copies of the abv., from \$8 to \$20.

A large assortm't of

TRAVELLING WRAPPERS AND RAGLANS,

Previously sold at \$8, \$10 and \$12, now reduced to \$5, \$6 and \$7, on account of the advanced state of the season.

WM. BUCHANAN MACKENZIE,

294 and 296 Canal street,

United States Cloak and Mantilla Store,

Brandreth Building.

158

RICH DRESS GOODS

REAL LACES.

FRENCH EMBROIDERIES.

**JAMES GRAY & CO.** have now open a superb selection of

NEW AND FASHIONABLE DRESS GOODS, LACES AND EMBROIDERIES,

of their own importation, and exclusive styles which cannot be found elsewhere.

154-161 729 BROADWAY, CORNER WAVERLEY PLACE.

**ATLANTIC ROYAL MAIL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S** New York and Galway line.

STEAM TO ALL PARTS OF GREAT BRITAIN VIA GALWAY, IRELAND.

The shortest sea passage between America and Europe.

NEW YORK AND GALWAY STEAMSHIP LINE.

This line is composed of powerful and fast sailing steamships, ably officered, and furnished with everything requisite to render the voyage safe and agreeable. The departure from New York for Galway will be as follows until further notice, viz.:

PRINCE ALBERT .... Capt. Waters.... Thursday, Dec. 2.

Persons visiting Ireland reach their destination in three-fourths the time taken by any other route, and all have an opportunity of visiting places and scenery of unrivaled interest in Ireland.

Price of passage, including free tickets by the usual railroad routes, from Galway to any of the principal cities of Great Britain at the following greatly reduced rates: First-class, \$90; second-class, \$50; third-class, \$30.

Those wishing to bring out their friends can purchase tickets for their passage in third-class from Galway, at \$30, or from other cities in Great Britain accessible by railroad, at \$35. A liberal cabin table will be provided, and cooked provisions for third-class passengers to and from Galway.

Third-class passengers to furnish their own bed and bedding, quart pot, water can, knife, fork, spoon and tin plate.

For freight and passage, and further particulars, apply to the undersigned, at their offices, Nos. 61 Hudson street, corner of Jay, New York. Application for freight and passage may also be made at any of the offices of the company on their express routes.

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO., Consignees.

ALEX. HOLLAND, Manager.

New York, Sept. 30, 1858.

## HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

**THE CHAMPION SEWING MACHINE—ONLY FIVE DOLLARS.**

The greatest invention of the age—a practical Family Sewing Machine for \$5.

158-161 Office, 285 BROADWAY, New York.

**BRITISH COMMERCIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

LONDON AND AMERICA.

Capital, WITH ACCUMULATION, \$5,500,000.

This Company has been in successful operation for thirty-eight years, and has paid to the families of parties insured \$4,600,000.

No extra charge for crossing the Atlantic.

Half premium may remain on loan.

Losses promptly paid.

Application may be made by mail. Office, 65 Wall street, New York.

150-162 GEO. M. KNEVITT, Manager for U. S.

## For One Stamp,

I will send, FREE BY MAIL, a 24 page pamphlet (just published), containing 17 splendid Anatomical Illustrations of the Throat, Lungs, Bronchial Tubes, Heart, all the Blood Vessels, and nearly all the Muscles and Joints of the Body. The object of this book is to demonstrate the efficacy of INHALING and APPLYING

J. R. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR,

for Curing Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, and also Diseases of the Muscular and Nervous System, and also to illustrate the effect of J. R. STAFFORD'S IRON AND SULPHUR POWDERS

upon Diseases of the Blood and Digestive Organs.

THE IMMEDIATE RELIEF AFFORDED FROM ALL KINDS OF PAIN, and the certainty with which even DESPERATE CASES are cured by these remedies, is made evident by the very many testimonial which are inserted in the book, several of which are from as prominent, well-known and reliable persons as any in the United States.

The Anatomical Illustrations are Electrotyped from FINE-TEEL ENgravings. They will be found highly useful as references to Medical Practitioners and Students, and they should be made the careful study in the HOME CIRCLE of ALL AGES AND BOTH SEXES. Every Invalid and every Mother should at once INCLOSE A STAMP for a copy. Address J. R. STAFFORD, Practical Chemist, 158-170 816 Broadway, New York.

**G ENIN'S NEW FUR AND CLOAK STORE,**

507 BROADWAY, St. Nicholas Hotel,

For the sale of

LADIES' FURS AND LADIES' CLOAKS.

The assortment of Furs embraces the richest sets of Russian sable, Hudson Bay sable, Royal Ermine, Mink, Marten, and a choice stock of Children's Furs.

THE CLOAK DEPARTMENT

comprises all the

reigning Paris styles

and designs, by the modistes of the Bazaar, of the most fashionable materials and trimmings.

JOHN N. GENIN,

507 Broadway, connecting with Genin's Bazaar, 513 Broad-

way, St. Nicholas Hotel.

000

**JAMES BUTLER,**

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN BRANDS,

WINES, LIQUORS, &amp;c., corner of Greenwich and Duane streets, New York.

000

**FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS PAPER** will be delivered punctually every week in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh or Jersey City, by carriers, who will receive the pay for the same. Leave your address at our office, 18 Frankfort street, a few doors from Tammany Hotel.

**A BOOK OF THRILLING INTEREST! PUBLISHED THIS DAY,**  
**CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILLE!**  
670 OCTAVO PAGES AND SUPERIOR ENGRAVINGS, DESIGNED BY CRUSHKANK, AND ENGRAVED BY BROSS.

This work has been submitted to one of the most celebrated of French historians, who not only vouches for the correctness of its history, but declares its details respecting the events of which it treats, to be exceedingly accurate and graphically described. It contains, among other events of which it treats,

A Description of the Old Man of the Bastile.

Thrilling Scenes in the Bastile.

The Haunts of the Conspirators.

The Secret Meetings of the Lutetians.

Louis Quatorze.

Duke D'Orleans.

Louis XVI.

Madame De Maintenon.

Marie Antoinette.

The Man of the Iron Mask.

Jacques, the Spy.

D'Argenson, Governor of the Bastile.

Marat.

Mirabeau.

Foulin.

Robespierre.

The Compact of Liberty.

The Gathering of the Lutetians.

The Revolutionary Club.

The Great Revolution.

The Destruction of the Bastile.

The Publishers feel warranted in saying that this work will exceed in interest anything that has been published in this country for many years.

STANFORD &amp; DELISIER,

No. 505 Broadway.

Canvassers wanted, to whom liberal terms will be given.

158-169

157-8

157-9

157-10

157-11

157-12

157-13

157-14

157-15

157-16

157-17

157-18

157-19

157-20

157-21

157-22

157-23

157-24

157-25

157-26

157-27

157-28

157-29

157-30

157-31

157-32

157-33

157-34

157-35

157-36

157-37

157-38

157-39

157-40

157-41

157-42

157-43

157-44

157-45

157-46

157-47

157-48

157-49

157-50

157-51

157-52

157-53

157-54

157-55

157-56

157-57

157-58

157-59

157-60

157-61

157-62

157-63

157-64

157-65

157-66

157-67

157-68

157-69

157-70

157-71

157-72

157-73

157-74

157-75

157-76

157-77

157-78

157-79

157-80

157-81

157-82

157-83

157-84

157-85

157-86&lt;/div



GENT ON HORSEBACK—"Get out of the way, boy! get out of the way!—my horse don't like donkeys."

BOY—"Doan't he?—then why doan't he kick thee off?"

**OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT.**  
**J. GURNEY'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC AND FINE ART GALLERY,**

No. 707 BROADWAY, FIRST BLOCK BELOW NEW YORK HOTEL.

In announcing the opening of a new Photographic and Fine Art Gallery, Mr. Gurney desires to call the attention of the public to a few facts.

That he is the oldest established Daguerreotypist in the United States.

That his rooms were first opened in the year 1840, at a time when the art was in its infancy, and previous to the existence of any other establishment now in existence; and that during a period of eighteen years he has devoted his entire attention to the perfection of the Photographic Art, and has advanced from time to time large sums of money to assist others in demonstrating their supposed discoveries.

That he has spared neither time nor expense in accomplishing this design, and now, thanks to the correct judgment of an appreciative community, he can truthfully say that he has succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations.

Desirous of keeping pace with the improvements of the age, and rendering every convenience to his patrons, he has, at great expense, fitted up a new establishment, which, he believes, in elegance and convenience, surpasses any other in the world, occupying the new white marble building, No. 707 Broadway, but it expressly to accommodate his increasing business, and for the further advancement of the Photographic Art.

Passing through the

RECEPTION ROOM,  
on the first floor, you ascend ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS to the EXHIBITION GALLERY,

containing a large collection of Photographs, finished in every style and size; among which are those of some of the most eminent and celebrated persons of the day.

In order to render the gallery as attractive as possible Mr. Gurney has adorned one entire wall with the productions of some of the best American and foreign landscape painters.

DAGUERREOTYPE OPERATING ROOMS.

These have been arranged under the personal supervision of Mr. Gurney, on an entire new principle, combining all that is necessary to make this department perfect.

PHOTOGRAPH OPERATING ROOMS.

This portion of the establishment has also been under the direct control of Mr. Gurney, who was the first to introduce the new styles and improvements in Photography. Of course there may be many imitators in the Art, as there are charlatans in the work of every scientific discovery, but Mr. Gurney merely refers to his pictures as evidence of their superiority over those of any others.

ARTISTS' STUDIO OF OIL PAINTINGS.

This is the highest branch of all, where artists of the first distinction labor for the perfection of art—where, day after day, the portrait of some person is set forth to perpetuate fading beauty. It may be safely stated that these pictures will compare with the productions of the best European artists.

PASTEL STUDIO.

This is the studio where the unfinished Photograph receives its life-like colors, and where, by the most delicate process, the picture increases in correctness and beauty at each touch. Pastel is not exactly painting in water colors, but the stick of hardened paint is used as a brush, and requires the finest pencilling. It is an interesting process, and one which will repay a visit.

Besides these departments there are many others devoted to the minor branches of the business, such as preparing plates, which require a thorough knowledge of the principle of daguerreotype pin.

The particular styles of pictures which Mr. Gurney is now producing are as follows:

PHOTOGRAPHS,  
From Miniature to Life Size, finished in Oil, Pastel, Water Colors, India Ink and Crayon, by a corps of talented Artists.

IMPERIAL,  
Retouched and Plain Photographs.

MINIATURES IN OIL,  
For Beauty, Delicacy and Finish, are unequalled.

DAGUERREOTYPES,  
In the usual artistic styles.

N. B.—Old Daguerreotypes of Deceased Persons can be copied by the Photographic process, enlarged to any size, and colored in any style equal to those made from life.

The largest collection of Photographs of Statesmen, Divines, Poets, Literary and Military Men, to be seen in the World. Also, on exhibition, the largest collection of Testimonials ever awarded to any Artist for Photographic productions.

PERFECT SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Gallery open till 9 P. M., for the free inspection of the public.

Mr. J. GURNEY, having thus presented his plans to the public, desires their approval for the success of his new establishment. Upon the foundation of these plans he expects to still further elevate the standard of Photogrphy and its various branches. Combining all the insatiable arts in his gallery, with a perfection of finish, delicacy of touch and a subdued and incomparable in its nature, he believes he can safely challenge the rivalry of any other establishment.

J. GURNEY,

Photographic Artist,  
107 Broadway, N. Y.

**THE  
“Old Dominion”,  
COFFEE POT  
AND  
Tea Pot,**

Being based, as Dr. Hall, of the Journal of Health, says, "on science and common sense," are rapidly coming into use, and destined soon to supersede all others.

ARTHUR, BURNHAM, & GILROY,  
117 & 119 S. Tenth St., Philadelphia,  
Sole Manufacturers under the Patent.

For sale by Dealers in Household Articles, and Storekeepers generally.

**BALLOU'S FRENCH YOKE SHIRTS—**New style, warranted to fit, ready made and to order, at all prices. Also always on hand a large variety of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, including Winter Under Garments, Hosiery, English Scarfs, Robe de Chambre, Travelling Shawls and Shirts, &c., &c., at

BALLOU BROTHERS,  
Gentlemen's Furnishing Bazaar,  
1580 409 Broadway, N. Y.

**NOW READY, BY STEAMSHIP AFRICA,**  
beautifully printed in colors.  
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK FOR 1859

CONTAINS  
GROUPS OF BIRDS OF GREAT BRITAIN,  
Drawn by J. OLDFIELD,  
Under the superintendence of Mr. GOULD, and BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED IN COLORS,  
BY LEIGHTON BROTHERS;  
WITH DESCRIPTIVE LETTER-PRESS,  
Contributed by Mr. GOULD;

TWELVE FINE-ART ENGRAVINGS;  
DIAGRAMS OF REMARKABLE PHENOMENA;  
With Explanatory Notes;

TWELVE ORIGINAL DESIGNS AS HEADINGS TO THE CALENDAR;

Besides a vast amount of useful and interesting information, rendering THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK at once the most acceptable and elegant companion to the library, boudoir or drawing room; while, as regards price, it is universally acknowledged to be, without exception, the cheapest Almanack ever published.

The unprecedented demand for THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK last year has stimulated the proprietors to still greater exertions to secure for this Almanack a reputation as favorable as that which has hitherto placed its circulation second only to that of the *Illustrated London News*.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK is inclosed in an elegant cover,

PRINTED IN COLORS,  
by the same process as the Groups of Birds, and forms a charming companion and pleasing ornament to the drawing-room. Price 25 cents.

Sold by WILLMER & ROGER,  
No. 42 Nassau street, corner of Liberty, New York,  
Agents in America for the *Illustrated London News* and *Funch*.

**INTER REDUCTION.**

WE ANTICIPATE BY A FEW WEEKS OUR USUAL Winter reduction of prices, and this week offer the remainder of our stock of WINTER CLOTHING at a reduction of from

15 TO 20 PER CENT,

and beg to call the attention of those of our friends who have not yet supplied themselves with our favorite styles of Winter Goods, to the reduction in price of the following well-known garments:

Super double-faced Equinaux Beaver Overcoats,

reduced from \$29 to \$25

Super two-faced Imperial Beaver Overcoats.....\$25 to \$21

Super two-faced Moscow.....\$20 to \$17

Super extra plain Beavers.....\$26 to \$23

Fine extra plain Beavers.....\$20 to \$17

Whiteneys.....\$15 to \$12

Ker-ty.....\$12 to \$10

Black Frock and Dress Coats, and the whole of our large and elegant stock of Beaver and Cassimere BUSINESS SUITS, Boys' Clothing, Robes, Shirts and under wear at the same average reduction of about twenty per cent.

D. DEVLIN & CO.,

Nos. 225, 250 and 260 Broadway.

158-160 Nos. 225, 250 and 260 Broadway.

BUY your FURS of WILLIAMS, No. 293

FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN. 158-160

**THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER!  
THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER!**

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER!  
THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER!

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER!  
THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER!

**PROSPECTUS FOR THE YEAR 1859.**

The proprietor of the NEW YORK LEDGER is gratified at having it in his power to announce in his Prospectus for the new year—1859—that all the old popular and eminent writers of the LEDGER staff have been retained, and new ones added. Among the latter we are pleased to mention the name of the HON. EDWARD EVERETT, who is to furnish a series of articles, to be continued during the entire year, under the title of "THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS." For these articles alone we have already paid Mr. Everett (for the benefit of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association) the sum of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

As an indication of the popularity of the LEDGER we need only state the simple fact that its circulation is larger than that of any other TEN literary papers in the country. Its great success is owing to the facts that its proprietor secures the best writers in the country, and spares no expense in getting up the BEST FAMILY PAPER—a paper of high moral tone. The exalted reputation of its contributors, the practical and invariably pure and healthy character of all its articles, the care which is taken that not even one offensive word shall appear in its columns, and the superiority of its tales and sketches have gained for the NEW YORK LEDGER a position that no literary paper has ever before reached. We feel, and have always felt, since the LEDGER attained its immense circulation, that a heavy responsibility rests upon us, and have endeavored to discharge that responsibility conscientiously, feeling confident that ultimately we should receive the thanks of thousands and tens of thousands of families.

As to the future we are at a loss what to say. We prefer to PERFORM rather than to PROMISE. What we have heretofore done is known to our readers; they know what the LEDGER has been, and is now, and must therefore judge what it will be hereafter. We can only say that among the regular contributors to the LEDGER are

GEORGE D. PRENTICE, FANNY FERN,  
JOHN G. SAXE, MRS. SIGOURNEY,  
SYLVANUS COBB, JR., MRS. SOUTHWORTH,  
EMERSON BENNETT, ALICE CAREY,  
T. S. ARTHUR, EMMA ALICE BROWNE,  
WM. ROSS WALLACE, SALLIE M. BRYAN,  
CARLOS D. STUART, MARY STANLEY GIBSON,  
COL. W. B. DUNLAP, AUGUSTA MOORE,  
and many eminent Lawyers, Clergymen, Professors in Colleges, and others, who write for the LEDGER anonymously; and that our complete arrangements are such that the current expenses of the LEDGER are now, and will constantly be, at the rate of over three hundred thousand dollars per annum.

FACTS like these carry with them more weight than any comments that could be made, and comments will therefore be dispensed with. As we have already intimated, we shall leave promising to those who prefer to expend their force in that way, and content ourselves with doing what we can to make the LEDGER the most interesting and instructive FAMILY PAPER in the world.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER is published every Saturday, and sold at all the news-offices in every city and town throughout the country, and is mailed to subscribers at two dollars per annum; two copies are sent for three dollars. Any person obtaining eight subscribers at \$1.50 each (which is our lowest Club rates), and sending us \$12, will be entitled to one copy free. Terms invariably in advance.

Postage on the LEDGER to any part of the United States, paid quarterly or yearly in advance at the office where it is received, is only twenty-six cents a year. Canadian subscribers must each send us twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription price of the LEDGER, to pay the American postage.

Subscribers must write their address, including the names of the place, county and State in which they reside, in a plain hand, so as to avoid mistakes.

No subscriptions are wanted from cities, large villages or other places where news-offices are permanently established.

All communications must be addressed, postage paid, to

ROBERT BONNER,  
Proprietor of the New York Ledger,  
No. 44 Ann-st, N. Y.

N. B.—The number of the LEDGER dated January 1st, 1859, will be a good one for subscriptions to date from, as in that number the "MOUNT VERNON PAPERS," by the HON. EDWARD EVERETT, will be commenced. Mr. Everett's articles will be copyrighted, so as to prevent publication in any other paper.

**OUR MUSICAL FRIEND—**Weekly, 10 cts.

Each number contains sixteen pages full size folio music. Solos for the voice, arrangements for the piano-forte, dances, &c. Every species of music, for every grade of performer. The best and cheapest work of its kind in the world. Send for a number. Subscription price five dollars yearly. C. B. SEYMOUR & CO., Publishers, 13 Frankfort Street, New York.

**WINTER CLOTHING**

At EVANS'  
EXTENSIVE CLOTHING WAREHOUSE,  
66 and 68 Fulton street.

Black cloth Overcoats, well made and trim'd. \$3.00 to \$8.00

Fine black cloth Overcoats.....10.00 to 14.00

The finest cloth Overcoats.....15.00 to 20.00

Excellent pilot Over-coats.....20.00 to 22.00

Equinaux beaver Overcoats.....15.00 to 18.00

Congress beaver Overcoats.....15.00 to 25.00

Heavy cashmere Overcoats.....4.00 to 12.00

Fur beaver, lion skin, satinet, felt and other Overcoats.....3.00 to 10.00

Black cloth dress Frock coats.....5.00 to 8.00

Fine black cloth dress Frock-coats.....10.00 to 14.00

The finest custom made dress Frock-coats.....15.00 to 20.00

Over 5,000 cashmere business Coats.....5.00 to 12.00

Black Paatalooneys.....2.00 to 6.00

Fancy cashmere Fins.....1.50 to 6.00

Cashmere business vests.....1.00 to 3.00

Rich black and fancy velvet Vests.....2.50 to 8.00

&c., &c., &c.,

At EVANS' 66 and 68 Fulton street,  
156-160 Between Gold and Cliff streets.

**TO CASH AND SHORT TIME BUYERS.**

NEW STOCK OF RIBBONS AND DRESS TRIMMINGS.

MICHELL & MCINTOCK,  
599 Broadway,

OPPOSITE METROPOLITAN HOTEL,

ARE NOW PREPARED TO SHOW ONE OF THE MOST SELECT AND DESIRABLE STOCKS OF THE ABOVE GOODS TO BE SEEN IN THE CITY.

Milliners and Dressmakers supplied on liberal terms.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THIS PAPER

and LESLIE'S MAGAZINE are electrotyped at the Engraving Establishment of A. H. JOSELYN, 60 Fulton street.